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Cards on a Northern Beach

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Enemy Agent

By THOMAS WALSH

HE roused slowly, floating up through infinite fog banks of sleep in a darkness where he might just as well not have opened his eyes. Before he understood where he was he could feel his heart beating in him like a wire that was being snapped quickly and sharply throughout his body, drawn fast and then snapped again, over and over, at least twice each second.

The stillness in the room, beyond the throbbing and completely undisturbed by it, told him nothing; yet he seemed to know a change somewhere, the faintest whisper of sound, had wakened him.

What was it? He could not remember. It was gone now.

He listened. As he listened he began, unconsciously, to hold his breath. That was a mistake, since a man asleep would not have done it, but he became aware of the fact and of the inference only after his lungs ballooned up solidly inside him.

Half erect, with one elbow propping him up, he tried to cover himself by sighing deeply, by grunting an unintelligible word or two, like a man who, after being restless for a moment, was now ready to sleep once more. But at the same time, as soundlessly as possible, he began to slide his hand toward the edge of the bed.

Light stung his eyes, blinding him so that he had to turn his head away from it. He was still on his elbow, but his hand stopped the moment the light hit him. Blinking, starting up as if confused, he muttered something in German.

"Who is there?" a voice repeated after him, but in English. It chuckled dryly. "You understand English," it said. "Oh, yes, Captain Harbecht—Captain Otto Harbecht." It chuckled again. "Stand up now . . . . Not too fast, captain. And just keep your hands where I can see them."

The man in the bed, heavy eyed, very quiet for a moment or two, pushed a blanket away from him. The flashlight showed him to be fully dressed underneath it, save for shoes, in a German officer's uniform. He was in his late twenties, unshaven and haggard looking; he had black hair, cut close to the skull, and grey eyes that appeared to have been burned into his flesh. After the first instant his face betrayed no expression of any kind.

On his feet, turning away from the flash, he held his arms out from his sides as if he knew quite well what he had to do.

A gun touched his back; a hand patted him deftly. Then steps moved away, and a match sputtered into life behind him. Lantern light, paler and more diffused than that made by the flash, circled up petulantly across the walls.

"All right," the man with the gun said. "Turn around now."

In a room no more than ten feet square, with the bed in it, one chair, and a bureau wide enough to hold a wash bowl and pitcher, the uniformed man swung himself around slowly. The other man, who stood near the door, wore a trench coat and had his grey hat pushed up over his forehead. Young and stocky, very much pleased with himself, he gestured sideways with the gun in his right hand.

"Please sit down," he said. Despite the note of playful respect in his voice, he sounded businesslike, crisp, quite sure of himself. "Your shoes are there, captain, by the bed. Put them on."

He was obeyed passively. Nothing of the uniformed man's anger, of his weary disgust with himself, was apparent. He had meant to rest only for an hour or two, not to sleep. And then the moment he pulled the blanket over him——

He began to lace his shoes, but without hurrying.

"I suppose it's still raining," he said. He spoke like an Englishman, precisely, rather sharply. The man with the gun, relaxed, if vigilant, in the doorway, tapped it against his right leg.

"You gave us a lot of trouble," he said. "But when you jumped off the train on Tuesday, it didn't take us long to find out just about where that happened. You were seen here and there, too. You were seen this afternoon in the boat you found. At first we thought you got over the river in it; then I decided that the fog might have fooled you.

"Do you know what you're on? An island, Captain Harbecht—a big island, but an island just the same. You couldn't see much of it in the fog, and when you landed you thought you were safely across, eh?"

He smiled, lowered his jaw, scratched it with the gun, and shrugged.

"But you weren't. Not quite, Captain Harbecht." He pronounced the name slowly, relishing it. "When we couldn't find any trace of you, two of us came out here to look things over. Not very hopefully. But in bed, asleep—that was stupid, wasn't it, captain?"

"Yes," the uniformed man said. "Stupid' is the word."

From the side of the bed, bent forward slightly, he drew one of the shoelaces into a bow. After that, briefly, his right hand was hidden between his feet. His revolver was under the bed, four or five inches back; all the time he had been afraid the stocky man would catch a glitter of light on it. His fingers closed on it and whipped it up between his knees.

There was no time to say what he had intended to say—"Drop your gun." The man near the door jumped back, his face savage suddenly, and fired before he had his gun all the way down. The uniformed man, who understood what choice he had then, echoed his shot simultaneously.

"Fool," he said low, to himself. His voice was uneven. He wiped the sleeve of the uniform across his forehead, got up and went over to the doorway.

They would search him, of course—he had known that—but there seemed to be no good reason why they should search the room. When he lay down at dusk, even though he had not intended to sleep, he had listened to a half-understood need for caution. Well, he had needed it.

In the doorway he dropped to one knee and then rose immediately. Two of them, he thought; the one with him must be around somewhere. He snuffed out the lantern, crossed the dark outer room to the door, and listened there.

Fog drifted by in wisps and streamers; ten feet away it clustered around the nearest tree and blurred it shapelessly. But no one called out. No one came running. A big island, he thought, with the other off somewhere, so far away that he had not heard the shots. When he was sure of that he groped back carefully to the bedroom.

THE flash gave him all the light he needed there, a narrow strip centred blindly against the far wall of the room. In it his movements were half-seen, half-shadowy gestures as he stripped off the uniform and got into a brown suit, a trench coat, a grey felt hat. He had to have them; he felt no revulsion in taking them.

Once they found the other man—even before, perhaps—they would not worry too much about taking him alive. Not Captain Otto Harbecht.

He knew that, and he acted on it. Only a fool would have thrown away his chance.

In one of the coat pockets there was a wallet; in another, cigarettes; in a third a draft card made out to Albert Joseph Bender, of Brooklyn, New York.

The dark man looked at that and then at Bender with a certain impassive regard in his eyes. But he could not resist the cigarettes: he even delayed long enough to smoke one in hungry draughts, hiding it in his palm whenever he looked out through the open door. After it began to scorch his lips, he pulled up the trench coat around his throat, snapped the cigarette through the doorway, and followed it.

Outside it was damp rather than cold, the fog misty white, packed down solidly over the ground. The cabin faded, vanishing before he was half-way to the river.

Five minutes or so later he found the boat behind a fringe of bushes where he had hidden it that afternoon, but he had a bad few moments until one of his knees banged painfully into the hard wood. He pushed it out to the water, knelt in it, and shoved himself clear with a thrust of his free leg; at once he was gliding through a white world distorted by occasional raw puffs of air.

He began to row, trying to keep parallel with the shore, not near enough to be seen from it, yet not too far out to lose it entirely. It was the only guide he had; when he reached the end of it and swung right, he knew he would be headed for the far side of the river.

A dock behind him, very low in the water, stopped him with a horribly loud smash, with a shock that almost toppled him backward. At the same moment something far off, a plane or a boat, began to roll ugly coughs of sound at him through the fog.

A boat, he decided presently. But he could wait where he was, and be safe, too; to-night they could pass twenty yards away and never see him. It was odd, though, that almost at once the sound seemed to beat at him from every direction, getting louder and closer second by second. That was just the fog, he told himself—twisting it, making it seem to be right on top of him.

He waited, the revolver dug in between his thighs, one corner of his mouth twitching a little. They wouldn't find him in this fog. Couldn't, he thought. What was he jumpy for?

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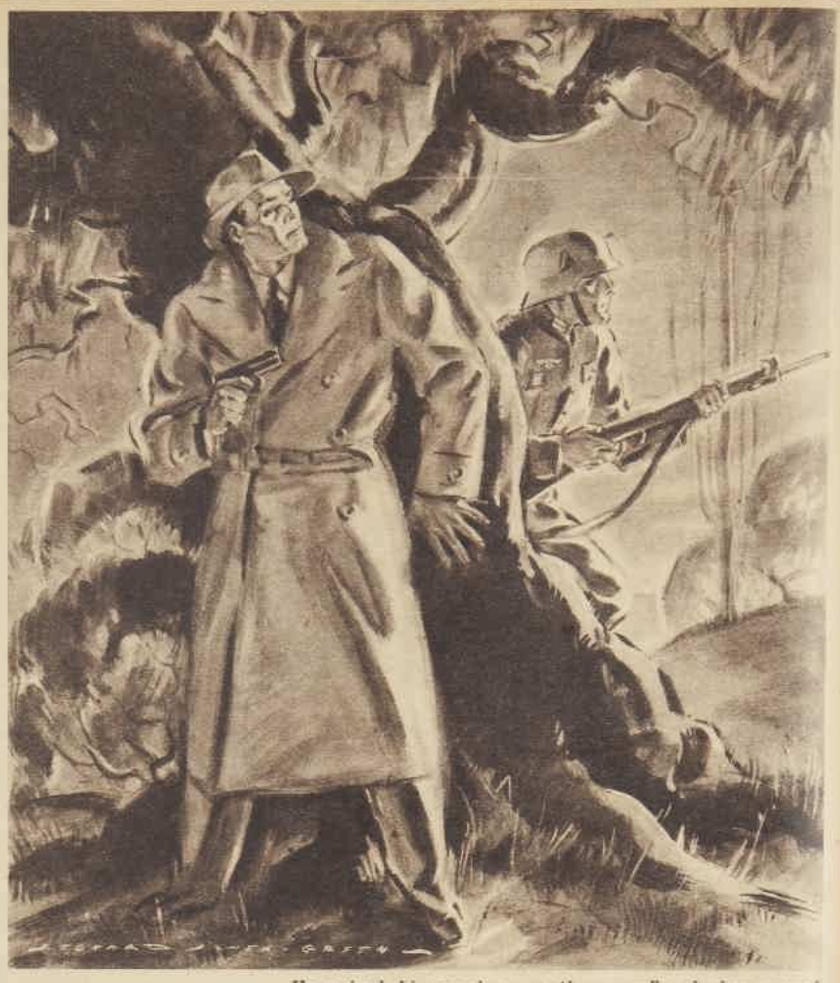

He raised his revolver as the guard's shadow moved around the tree towards him.

I didn't know it could be *so easy*

Saving I mean—I suppose I've got the buying urge as much as any woman, but now, when the itch to spend gets maddening, I've a patriotic outlet for it. I buy 5/- National Savings Stamps. It's wonderful how quickly they mount up in my National Savings Stamp Book. Eight stamps (two pounds' worth) go to a page—enough to pay a deposit on a £10 Bond when the First Victory Loan opens, or to pay an instalment at any time. When I fill the whole book with 40 stamps, that will pay for a £10 Bond in the First Victory Loan. Of course, I'll subscribe in advance if I have the money before the Loan opens.

On to Victory

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THREE STRIKES

By JOHN LEINBACH

Sally was beautiful and understood baseball — which meant to Tom that she was the perfect girl

TO begin with, I was on my way to the ball game—Giants versus Dodgers. And that's the next best thing to a world series tussle! Well, the sun was shining, the birds were singing, the flowers were blooming . . .

When suddenly I heard someone say: "I object!"

There's only one man—not a member of the Union League—who says that. Sam Granby. "Lawyer" Sam. He's always objecting. To Roosevelt, to Hitler, to rationing, to cucumbers—even to ball games.

And right now he seemed to be objecting to Sally Carr. Which is no way for a gentleman to act.

"I object," he repeated. For emphasis, no doubt.

Mentally, Sally stamped her foot. "Now, Samuel Granby, that's not fair!"

"What do you mean—it's not fair? Last night you said—" Sam stopped short and groaned, "What's the use?"

"Oh!" There was a lot of meaning in the "oh." Somehow, it seemed to call Sam a very nasty name.

He tried again: "Sally, will you be logical—"

Well, I could see Sam was losing out—lawyer or no lawyer. And since, after all, he's one of my friends—has been for years, in school and out—I figured I ought to do something. So I said, "Pardon me, is this the Good-Will Court?"

"Oh, hello." Sally and I weren't friends particularly—just friends of Sam's. Her tone of voice described it exactly.

Sam was more cordial. "Hello, Tom," he said. Then, "It's private."

Just the same, I went on: "Well, don't stop on my account. I like to listen."

But they did stop. Probably it was just a practice quarrel, anyhow—for their coming marriage. Of course, that last wasn't official, but everybody expected it. Sally used to go out with Jim Grubb a good bit, but he was in the Army. And she went out with Sam most of the time now. So—

She changed the subject. "Where are you going, Tom?"

Or was that a suggestion?

"Out to the ball game," I confided.

"Really? Oh, I just adore baseball! I wish I were going."

"Well, Sam"—that would patch it up—"why don't you break down and take the girl?"

Then I realised that was a mistake. If they went, they'd go with me. And nothing is worse than a lovely girl at a ball game. One at a time—fine. But not together!

However, Sam relieved my mind: "No, I can't. I'm going away—I told you that. Besides, Sally was just trying to—"

"Sam!" Apparently Sally didn't care to discuss it further.

Then it happened.

Sally Carr turned to me and smiled. "Tom," she said, in a voice that would have melted an iceberg. "Tom, I'd love to go along with you—if you'll let me pay my way." The last part trailed off into nothingness . . .

We got good seats. Right behind first base. That much was fine. But I felt a little uneasy. I waited—expecting Sally to let out a blood-curdling shriek at the first foul—or worse. It worried me. Still, you had to admit she was pretty. No doubt about that. Why, just sitting beside her stirred up a kind of warm feeling inside.

And it was a great day for a ball game.

The first innings went by, and the second and third. No score. Sally clapped politely. Once she said of the visiting second baseman, "He should have played a little more over to his left. Stokes pulls a lot of his hits."

That set me to wondering.

In the home half of the fourth Babe Stokes came up to bat again. He's one of my favorites. When he connects he can really give that ball a ride.

Then the guy behind me hollered, "Agh, siddown! Take him outa there!"

No, it couldn't be. Yes, it was. Mike.

"That's Mike behind us," I said to Sally.

"Is it? Who's Mike?"

That's right—she didn't know. "He's a soda jerk, and a walking encyclopedia on baseball," I explained.

"I'll bet he doesn't know a sinker from a change of pace," she said.

I almost fell out of my seat. Was it possible that a female girl like Sally, especially such a pretty one, knew what baseball was all about?

That strange inner glow began to turn into flame. Suddenly and unaccountably.

Meanwhile, Stokes had just watched three of the most beautiful strikes you ever saw float gracefully by. The stands were in an uproar.

Mike shouted, "Agh, go back to the minors, ya joik!"

"Anybody that can hit .300 four years in a row is no jerk—.342 last year," Sally declared sweetly.

"Besides," she added, "I think he's cute."

That convinced me.

"Sally," I said, "you're wonderful. Will you marry me now—or later?"

She laughed—a very pleasant laugh; and the flame inside me became a four-alarm fire.

Well, the rest of the ball game just resolved into a beautiful dream. I remember some things. I remember Mike mumbling about the girls today being too smart for their own good—or anybody else's, for that matter.

On the way home Sally got down to cases.

"I suppose you're wondering," she ventured, "what Sam was objecting to this time."

"Nope; I was wondering where you ever learned so much baseball."

"Oh, that."

"Yes, that. Why, you know as much as I do about it. And I've been following baseball for years."

"So have I," she admitted. "Daddy used to take me out to the games often. And Jim Grubb used to take me sometimes."

The guy in the Army!

"WELL, it's a cinch Sam never taught you," I pointed out unnecessarily. "How long have you known Sam?"

"Oh, maybe two years. He worked in Daddy's law office, you know. So did I—as secretary."

"You like Sam pretty well, don't you?"

"Ungh-huh." She thought a minute. "Some day he'll be a great lawyer. Maybe a judge." She blushed and reversed her field. "I was supposed to go to a U.S.O. dance to-night."

"You mean—and dance with all the soldiers and sailors?"

"Um-m. Something like that."

"Well, that's great. Why don't you?"

She explained: "That was the trouble between me and Sam before. He wouldn't take me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he said he'd planned for three weeks to go to his grandmother's house this week-end, and he couldn't disappoint her."

Then it happened the second time.

"Tom, would you go with me?" she asked, purring with her eyelashes. This time I didn't even struggle. "Why—uh—sure. To-night?"

"Ungh-huh—at eight o'clock."

. . . . . .

The dance was a big success as far as Sally was concerned, and an even bigger success for the Service boys. But the whole affair was a washout for me. I only saw Sally occasionally—always in a cluster of uniforms. And we spoke but once—midway through the evening. The music had just stopped and she was chatting with two soldiers. I asked innocently, "Sally, is this next dance for me?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't!" She was horrified at the thought. Or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

"How about half of it?"

"Positively no," she said, pouting prettily. "Think of the soldiers."

I had been. All the evening.

She added, "It'll be over soon. Then we can go home—together."

We could go home together. Oh, well, that was something.

She turned back to the two soldiers. "I'm so sorry. Then what did the sergeant say?"

That was that. I returned to the side lines—wiser and sadder.

Three days later, it seemed, the dance ended. There hadn't been any fights, not even any loud arguments. A good time was had by all. Except me.

There was a long subway ride, and then we were walking to her home. It was a beautiful night.

Sally entwined her arm around mine. "Tom," she said, "you were awfully sweet to go with me to-night. And doesn't it make you feel proud just to know you're helping the soldiers? It does me. In a way, when I help them I feel I'm helping Jim—and the others I know."

The guy in the Army again!

"Yeah, I suppose so," I said.

We had reached the front steps of her home.

"It's been a wonderful day, hasn't it?" she murmured softly. "The ball game, the dance, the evening. And you've been wonderful, too. I don't know how to thank you!"

"Well, I have a suggestion." Nothing ventured——

"What?"

"A date to-morrow night."

"To-morrow?" She considered it. "All right. Good-night, Tom."

We saw a lot of each other during the weeks that followed—Sally and I. Looking back, I realise I was a goner from the start—from the very first moment at the ball game when I discovered the only girl in the world who spoke the language of baseball.

Anyhow, my condition got worse and worse. Each meeting added fuel to the fire that was consuming me.

The girl was a wonder! You'd ask her who caught for the White Sox. She'd tell you—just like that. Ask her about the infield fly rule. Bingo, she had the answer. Wasting that baseball savvy on Sam—well, that would be sprinkling sugar on vinegar.

No, it wasn't the summer heat that bothered me; it was love. I became sure of it. And what a feeling! I began seeing myself in wedding togs, waiting at the foot of the aisle for the bride—Sally Carr.

It was solid happiness. Especially seeing her so often—two, usually three, nights a week. Frankly, I'd have taken all her time.

But there was Sam.

Sam still rated with Sally—no doubt about that. He had as many dates as I did. And he was just as anxious to marry her, too. Sam was something to figure on, all right. He'd have to be eliminated. And I expected to do just that.

But—speaking of Sam—our own relations had been strained ever since the day of the ball game. He passed me on the street now, and refused to speak. After all our years of friendship, too! It was odd—I felt uneasy about it. Heaven help the innocent bystanders when we finally had to speak.

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"He loves me and I love him," sighed Sally, a dreamy look in her eyes.

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Enemy Agent

Continued from page 2

AN orange glow, blurred at first as if set behind innumerable folds of white gauze, appeared on the left. He cursed suddenly, furiously; the dock, of course—that was what they were trying to find. And he had never suspected.

Two strokes brought him back against it, the only way to go then, because they were between him and the river, and edging in slowly.

The glow strengthened. It glared sullenly on him, like a circle of frosted glass that had caught and compressed in itself all the quality of light in the fog, as he jumped off to the dock. It went by, stopped, groped for him, passed him, swung back. Somebody shouted.

He bent low, running for the island. Three or four whiplike lashes of sound spattered after him viciously; the last one was close.

He ran faster then, shoving himself aside from a tree that sprang suddenly out of the mist by thrusting his arms against it. No panic, he was telling himself. That would be foolish. That would be playing into their hands. Yet he ran on until his thighs got numb under him; afterward, too, he managed to struggle ahead one way or another.

Finally he sank down, sobbing for breath, when a bit of earth crumbled under him and threw him sideways.

For a long time he lay still at the foot of the slope, with a rock as big as a dining-room table looming over him. As soon as he could move, he crawled over to that and crouched down behind it. It was a big island; in the fog, he thought, they could never find him. Not till morning. If he was quiet now, if he did not make a sound, he would be all right. Yes.

He was conscious, not of fear, but of an intolerable sensation of watchfulness and strain. Each time they shouted at one another, or made a noise in the underbrush, he would wait rigidly, one arm on the rock ready to pull him erect, the other hand holding the revolver shoulder high.

After a while they must have realised that if he heard them he could tell where they were. It became still then, and the stillness was more difficult to endure than the sounds had been. He felt that he wanted them to come, he actually thought of shouting at them; but that passed by the time he could breathe normally again, and was replaced by a desperate craving to know the hour.

Ten o'clock? Midnight? Two in the morning? He had no idea. In an attempt to limit it in some way he tried to build up a sequence of events in his head.

At dusk, when he landed on the island, when he thought he was safely across the river, it must have been five-thirty or six. Then he saw the bungalow, and went in because there might have been a can of food inside. It was fifty-odd hours since he had eaten or slept. He found no food, but he lay down for a little while. Not to sleep, no. Just to rest till it got dark.

After that, time withdrew into a secret place of its own, where he could not find it and measure it. How long had he slept when Bender found him? Two hours? Three? Four?

There was no way to judge. What was clear was that he would probably be safe here till dawn, but only till dawn.

BY daylight, with enough men to beat from one side of the island to the other, they'd find him. Yet if he knew the time now, how many hours of darkness there were left him, he might be able to think of some way to get clear of the island. Had he one hour to work with—four, five.

The oddest impression of darkness flowing away, rushing away, touched him and spread out in little, tingling urges through his body. Could he close his eyes, empty his mind of everything, and feel the time it was? He tried that, and it was absurd, of course. In the end his thoughts came back to the thing they had never really left—a boat.

There were three of those—the one he had found, the one Bender and the other man had landed in, and the motor-boat. They would be guarded. He could swim—

He stopped there. Of itself, instantly, the word brought up a mental and physical depression that warned him against it. Not that way, he thought; if he covered fifty yards he'd be pushing his luck. The other side of the river might be as close as that, but probably it was not. So he had to get a boat—had to, had to, had to.

He stood up while that phrase repeated itself senselessly in his mind. It would have been foolish to risk a cigarette, but he put one between his lips, sucking the dry end, and it was more help than he had thought it would be.

There was only one place where he could find a boat—at the dock. But if he went back there—

He began to consider it, letting his thoughts move a step at a time. They would have guards there, but probably not so many as on the far side of the island, where he should have headed for, logically. Perhaps there would be only one guard. One, he thought.

It seemed fantastic at first, and then it wasn't fantastic at all. Risk it, he thought. Why not? There was no other way at all.

Even though he decided that firmly inside himself, minute passed after minute before he could force himself away from the rock; it seemed then to be a place he had known, and been safe in, all his life.

Once he began to move, it was not so bad, because the fog, the lovely fog, more beautiful and more comforting than anything he could remember, hung thickly before his eyes. He would move half a dozen steps through it, and listen, and go on once more, and listen once more.

Now and again he had to stop, fighting a panic that tried to hurry him on recklessly, waiting until he could press it down, small and fluttery, inside him. And later, before he could have been halfway back to the dock, shouts rose up and clamored in the woods behind him.

They had heard something there—an animal, he thought. Did they know it was an animal? He pictured them gathered somewhere, beating together in a circle, the boats forgotten. With that thought in him, he could not help himself. He had to move faster, his heart racing, the slightest sound, each puff of wind, shocking him rigid.

Suddenly the river was before him, a black sheet rolling away under the fog. He skirted it carefully, almost imperceptibly. Minutes later—hours to him—he saw a lantern hung breast high at the end of the dock. Beyond it, no more than twenty feet away, he saw a boat.

It was the boat he had used before. The fools, he thought, everything shaking inside him—the incredible fools. Off there chasing a rabbit, leaving the boat here for anyone—

No, he thought then, coldly, savagely. He was the fool to think it would be as simple as that. They knew he'd look for a boat, that he had to find one; it was here, but there was someone with it — a watcher. Someone who would wait out there on the dock, perhaps in the trees, until he came.

All the details were arranged—the lamp, the boat, the man waiting for him. A good shot—this time they meant to take no chances—he would be someone who understood perfectly what he had to do.

"WAIT," they probably told him. "wait here for him. He'll see the boat, and he might listen for a minute or two, till he's sure there's no one around. Then he'll run for it. Don't call to him. Just use your gun, and make sure you don't miss. It's simple enough that way. He's dangerous, and he got Bender, didn't he? Well, then."

All that was clear, and yet, despite it, there was a tiny spark of hope left somewhere in him. If he had not been heard, if the guard had no idea he was so close now, there was still some kind of chance for him. The guard would not be quiet forever; he'd move, shift his body, perhaps light a cigarette for a puff or two.

Then, he thought, I'll have him; then I'll know where he is and how to handle him. So, if I'm careful now; if I'm patient—

Time passed—endless time. Water lapped and murmured against the dock, and the noise in the woods, farther off, barely came to him. By then his mind was working erratically, in brief starts, abrupt stops. Suppose there is no watcher? Suppose I am a fool to wait here? They'll be back soon, and then it will be too late. But now, with a bit of courage—why, now, man, it's right out there waiting for you.

He took a few unsteady and shallow breaths, like a man bracing himself against physical torture. Every time he looked out at the boat he felt himself turning fiercely hot and reckless, as if nothing, not one guard or ten, could stop him from reaching the boat once he ran for it.

There was one tree, the last one, between him and the dock; he moved over to it silently and rested against it, but even from there he saw no one, he heard nothing.

Now, he thought. Or was he going to stay here until they came back and found him? His jaws were clenched together until they ached into the bones. Should he wait five minutes more? Count three hundred, say, slowly. Then he'd know. Then he'd be sure. One . . . two . . . At first he was able to make himself pause like that between the numbers, but soon they began to crowd over one another in his head.

It must be getting light, too; a new kind of greyness, not altogether of the fog, thinned and wavered over him. He looked up at it with blood-shot eyes. Fourteen, he thought. Fifteen . . . sixteen . . . seventeen . . . eighteen-nineteen-twenty——

Please turn to page 8

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COUNT ON A SAILOR

By RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

YOU can't room with a girl for three years, be her bridesmaid, and still be polite to her in your thoughts.

If her nose quivered instead of her lips, you wouldn't be able to tell Claire from an albino bunny, Janice told herself. Right now martyrdom is the wrong slant to take with that man.

After sitting in a chilly car for an hour with Claire, listening to her suppress sobs and be brave about it all, Janice craved action. That was what a problem always demanded—action, not tears. But action—by Claire?

It was just an impulse. Janice had them. This one was what her young sister would have called super.

She had stopped her car in front of the tall, old house on Baxter Street. As Claire alighted, Janice briskly shoved the gears into reverse to discourage the car from rolling down the snowy hill into the slate-colored harbor. The snowflakes were still swirling in the late-afternoon light, and Claire Appleyard, out on the sidewalk holding the door open, looked like at least two orphans.

As she slid along the seat, Janice glanced toward the living-room windows of the Appleyard house.

There were a few lights on, and the plump figure of Lieutenant Appleyard, complete in new regimentals, was discernible within. The lieutenant was pacing the floor as if he, too, were a little upset. He hadn't heard their noiseless return in the snow.

Dash it all, one good push would finish the business, Janice told herself.

She flung herself out of the car, slipped on the snowy pavement and almost skidded into a sedate young ensign who was heading downhill toward the harbor. He put out a hand to save her. Then, plainly, he thought better of it, as he saw that she was saving herself, and dropped the hand to his side again. Gravely he detoured around the two girls.

Janice saw just the faintest flick of admiration in his brown eyes—respectful admiration. Well, it would be a queer ensign who could pass Claire Appleyard, particularly Claire Appleyard in sorrow, without admiration. If the girl only had a bit of spirit!

Of a sudden, an idea was revealed to Janice blindingly. This would solve the whole thing—resolve it like adding thingumbob to something else in Chem. She ran after the ensign. She tucked her fingers under his arm, spun him around and headed him back toward Claire.

"I'm surprised at you!" she said gaily. "The idea of passing a girl you know like that! You didn't even salute!"

He came. Janice detected a glint in his eye, although his expression did not change. She clung to his arm still laughing.

Swiftly, she darted a glance at the Appleyard living-room. Yes, the lieutenant had come to the window. He was all attention. She maneuvered the ensign close to Claire with a surreptitious push.

"Go on, kiss her, silly!" she commanded in her most impressive voice.

The ensign obliged. You could always count on a sailor. He bent, grasped Claire with both arms, and kissed. He made a job of it.

Naturally, Claire fluttered like a wounded bird. She would. Janice divided her eyes between that tender scene and the ample form of Lieutenant Appleyard framed in the living-room window. Results were satisfactory. True, Lieutenant Appleyard did not dive through the glass, but he made for the door with commendable speed.

The two in the tender embrace missed this. Claire was wide-eyed, even more beautiful. The ensign's ears were as red as if he had been the kissed and not the kisser. Slowly he released her.

The uncertain pause was broken by the first roar of the lieutenant as he shot off the porch. He was moving fast.

"Why!" said Janice. Her eyes darted accusingly at the ensign. "You aren't"—for a small moment she could not invent a name—"you aren't Tom . . . Tucker at all! You aren't! You'd better go!"

She turned an indignant back on him. Claire, too, recoiled from him. It was his move.

John Appleyard was wrestling with the gate. Quickly, Janice leaned toward Claire. "Remember!" she breathed. "It wasn't a mistake. He's just an old friend of yours—that sort of thing. String John along if you want to be happy!"

She turned back to the ensign. He wasn't moving.

"I do think you had better go!" she said indignantly. "Really!"

The ensign didn't move. He seemed to be thinking.

John Appleyard blustered up. "What's the idea of kissing my wife on a public street?" he demanded. "Who are you? What does this mean?"

Fascinated, Janice stared at the ensign's face. You could almost see him think. He seemed to understand that he was in the wrong; that he didn't rate, for instance, a jab at Lieutenant Appleyard's ample solar plexus.

In the wrong. That thought repeated itself. And now it applied itself emphatically to Janice herself. It was time for her to blow as if a strong gale were at her back. She did so.

Hurrying a few steps down the hill, she slipped through the familiar gap in the hedge and, skirting the Appleyard house, cut across the back garden into the Schofields' big place. From there she gained the refuge of her own garden.

She ran into the house, dodged her mother to avoid awkward inquiries about the abandoned car, and softly fled up to her room.

Breathless, she dropped into the couch by the window. "I think I've fixed it for Claire," she said. "I have if she acts just the least bit remote and mysterious. Men are all like that—particularly men in uniform."

She gave vent to a sound which, scant years before, could only have been termed a giggle. She was thinking of the solemn ensign, that unwilling pawn in her little game.

Then she rolled over for a look across the wintry white gardens, greying into dusk. In a few minutes now, it would be safe to go back and get her car. The ensign would be going down the hill to the harbor, and out to sea.

Suddenly she ducked. She flattened out on the couch. Then, raising her head warily, she stared into the Schofield garden next door. There was a man there. He was wearing a naval officer's bridge coat. He turned his head and she saw enough of a sober face to know it was the ensign.

He was busy, in a placid sort of way. And abruptly, with horror, she realised at what he was busy. Her footprints in the snow! He was trailing her!

"Why—how dare——" she slid feet first off the couch in flurried retreat. From the darkness well inside the room she peered down at him in some apprehension.

The trailing was not easy. There were other footprints, for neighbors around there were really neighbors, and often used short cuts from one street to another. In some places the wind had swept the ground bare. In others, new snow had drifted across her trail. But he was taking his time about it. And he had made no mistake. He was coming closer.

In quick resolve she started for the door. She must do something at once. Her mother——

"Go on, kiss her, silly!" Janice commanded in her most impressive voice.

PETROV

There were other distressing episodes not yet healed over. Nothing in Mum's quiet life had prepared her for Janice. And Janice liked her mother that way and did what she could to keep her reasonably unshocked. Besides, she had promised not to join the Waacs without her Dad's consent, and Mum was the key to Dad.

The unknown ensign at the back door, inquiring for her by description only, would need plenty of explanation. What explanation had she?

IT seemed to take hours, even at Janice's fastest pace, to hurtle downstairs, jump into her coat and goloshes, and step out the front door. The Schofield house next door happily appeared self-engrossed, with blinds drawn at lighted windows.

Walking backward where the snow was deepest beside the party hedge, she drew a convincing trail from the well-tramped sidewalk toward the back garden.

The Schofield shrubberies afforded plenty of cover. The trick would be to hook up this new trail with——

"Having more fun?" He had been standing behind a rose of Sharon, watching her.

"You!" she said in great surprise. "I—I dropped a glove somewhere and was looking——"

Visibly he counted her hands and gloves. He shook his head gravely.

"You leave an easy trail," he said. "Small feet."

Attack, the newspapers had been saying for many months, is the best defence.

"I hope you're here to apologise," she said coldly. "It seems to me that you must have known that I had mistaken you for a—a friend."

"Tommy Tucker?"

She struggled on: "And you took a most ungentlemanly advantage of the situation. What my friend and her husband must have thought of me——"

To her relief, genuine indignation grew in her voice. Somehow, she felt, he was to blame.

He sensed it, too. He frowned slightly. "Wait a moment," he said.

He thought, visibly. She waited. Finally he came to a decision.

"No," he said.

"No?"

"No!" He shook his head again. "Implausible."

There was something deadening about one-word sentences.

"The poor-little-me stuff is definitely out," he said. "Out of character."

Janice drew a breath. "I'm so glad," she said vivaciously. "I don't do it well at all."

He waved toward the Appleyard house. "Why involve me in that?"

A rap on the nose to drive him away seemed good tactics. "Oh, ensigns are expendable in this port," she said calmly. "There are droves of them underfoot. We use them for everything."

"Apologising was mentioned, but we'll skip that," this naval bloodhound said. "I owe you too much."

"Me?"

"That girl, Claire." He sighed gravely. "I've gone overboard for her. I may as well tell you. I love her!"

Janice's heart turned cold.

"You must tell me all about her," he said. "Her husband's there now. When does he go away? When can I see her? What——"

Somehow she must get him away from Claire and John. Her heart was thumping. This was her fault!

"Yes," she said. "I'll tell you all about her. But——. Look, I must get my car and drive home at once. Come with me and see if it will start, will you? I'll tell you about her."

"I don't try to start strange girls' cars in strange towns," he said slowly. "I might find myself an accomplice helping 'em pinch somebody else's car. But I'll go and watch your getaway, or, if it looks legitimate, I'll go with you. I'll take any reasonable chance to hear more about her. Name's Bill Drake."

"Bill Drake? Oh! Mine's——" She made up her mind fast. He was quite capable of checking with her car-registration certificate in the glove compartment. She told the truth. "Mine's Janice Kane."

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Our new serial . . . thrilling Air Force mystery story which was one of the outstanding entries in our £1000 novel contest

By FRANK NUNN

PAIRS of green and red lights were moving in wide-spaced circuits against the star-spangled heavens. Strung across the aerodrome like carnival lanterns were the lights of the flare path, and around the boundary red bubbles floated just above the earth.

The aerodrome control officer signalled all clear to a machine at the end of the run. The pilot opened up the engines, and it roared past. Another machine was coming in with its headlight burning, and the A.C.O. gave it a green light.

At the back of the officer was the tarmac, with its line of flight offices, and behind the offices were the workshops and hangars. The station was still under construction; all the hangars were not yet finished, and many training bombers were tied down in a park at the end of the tarmac, and patrolled by guards.

A diesel engine was exploding in a power-house beyond the hangars, giving light to a line of lecture rooms and blocks of messes and sleeping huts. Still further away stood headquarters, a blaze of light, with the commanding officer's pennant fluttering from its flag-mast.

Wing-Commander Michael Connor was C.O. of the station—a young man in years, but a wise old bird of the air.

The commanding officer of the Advanced Training School and chief flying instructor was Terence O'Daniel, a squadron-leader of 24. The C.O. of the Intermediate Training School (there were two schools on the station) was also a squadron-leader, named Donald Rooke.

The flight-commanders were younger still. All the instructors were boys—rather sulky, impatient boys, most of them, for they felt they had been side-tracked from the adventure of war to train other fellows, who would go straight there. Don Rooke felt like that. Pilot-Officer Camden, who was now operating the signal light on the flare-path, felt like that.

The plane that was in the air came in, ran down the path, and swung away from it. It stopped, disgorged a figure, and then waddled off down-wind.

The figure joined Camden a little later at the post. He was Pilot-Officer John Van Groot.

"I'm getting my pupil off," he reported. "He made three wizard landings in a row. He's a cracker."

Camden grunted. "All your pupes are crackers, Dutchy."

"Makes you envious," grinned Dutchy. "I can't help it. It's my technique."

Camden signalled off a machine standing at the end of the path. Dutchy gave the machine a brief glance as it passed. Its lights flashed in his eyes, making them for the moment look startlingly white and glassy. They were prominent eyes, but friendly, usually full of laughter, although there had been shadows in them of late.

Because of his name he was known as Dutchy; he was a British subject actually.

When the plane was in the air Camden said, "Your pupil has been making some pretty wide circuits for a cracker. You've been spoiling my timing."

Dutchy said, with a quick glance, "I'm sorry about that, Cam. I told him not to cramp himself."

"He gave himself all the sky. You must have been swinging right out over the Spanish Mission." He added, "Your first cross wind leg must have cut the monastery in two."

Dutchy frowned. "You're wrong."

Camden gave him a sharp look. "That dump has an attraction for you, Dutchy. I've noticed it before. What's the attraction, anyway? I'd shoot up a girls' school, but I wouldn't waste my time on a lot of dry old monks."

"Who says I shoot them up?"

"I've seen you dive on the place and give the boys in habits a wave. Do they call them habits or smocks?"

"I wouldn't know," said Dutchy quietly.

"Oh, well . . . Whatever they call them they're a pretty poor working dress. I've seen the monks from the air doing odd jobs in the paddocks and around the piggeries in them. They ought to get into coon skins."

"You'd better write and suggest it to them."

Camden grinned. "Okay. You can drop the note next time you shoot them up."

He turned back to his lamp. Dutchy eyed him thoughtfully. Camden said, "That's your pupil sitting on the flare-path, Dutchy. I hope he knows enough to take off without hitting me."

Dutchy looked down the flare path to the plane. Camden gave the signal, and engines roared. The lights of the aircraft started to wobble towards them."

"A bit uncertain," criticised Camden. "A few more hours dual with a good instructor and he'd be right. Does he know he's the first one off solo to-night?"

Dutchy looked back quickly. "Is he?"

"You ask that. You're always the first instructor out of a plane."

The smile returned to Dutchy's eyes. "It's my technique."

"Call it that if you like. I'd call it bone laziness. Say, I don't like the look of that bird. He'll ground loop."

The plane seemed to bear down upon the post. Camden crouched instinctively. But the machine roared past and lifted. Dutchy had not moved, and now he stood watching the machine as it climbed unsteadily.

He said, "He's all right."

Camden said anxiously, "I hope his next landing's a wizard, too."

Dutchy suddenly laughed. "You're an old woman. How you worry. He's all right. In a few months he'll be flying over Berlin, and you'll still be here fussing and worrying over more rookies like him."

"Maybe you're right."

"I guess I am." And then, abruptly, "Has Don Rooke been over here yet?"

"He's with Terry and the Flight-Loot."

The Flight-Lieutenant was the C.O. of the flight engaged in night flying. His name was Owens.

Dutchy looked behind him. He found three men shortly when one of them lit a pipe, and in the brief flash identified the two young C.O.'s, Terry O'Daniel and Don Rooke. They were out from the tarmac close to the control tower. Dutchy stood looking at them, and although Camden could not see it, there was now a frown on his face.

Camden said with malice, "If your pupe crashes now he'll have a select audience."

He flashed a green light at an oncoming trainer, whose headlight was staring unblinkingly down upon the flying field like the single eye of a god. Dutchy's pupil was on the down-wind leg with his headlight still burning, which suggested that his wild take-off had shaken him.

Dutchy gave the machine a brief look, then returned his attention to the dim group over near the tower. He stared; his stare was hard, absorbed.

The first machine came in, rumbled past, turned off the path. Another machine taxied in between the flares, received the signal, opened up. By the time it was in the air Dutchy's pupil was making his approach.

Camden gave him a green light, too. He muttered, "His blood will be on your head, Dutchy."

Dutchy stiffened. He said sharply, "Blood on my head? What do you mean by that?" And then he gave a short laugh. "You're still talking about that trainee. I'd forgotten him."

Camden was worried. He noticed nothing strange about Dutchy's reactions to his innocent remark. He grumbled, "I don't like the look of things."

"Forget it." Dutchy was now looking up at the machine. He was frowning darkly. "He's all right, you fool. He's a bit steep, but there won't be any pieces." He added with a touch of anger, "My pupils don't crack up aircraft."

The machine came in fast with its nose down too hard and its engines on. Its lights, however, were steady. They suddenly levelled off, and the engines were cut. The machine floated, touched. It did not bounce, but rumbled sweetly past on three wheels, gradually slowing up as the brakes went on.

Camden breathed again. "Just another miracle."

Dutchy said, "What did I say?" He sounded almost contemptuous.

"Don't give me that. You've got all the luck in the world. If another man tempted Providence like you, he'd be on a court-martial every day."

He meant only a fraction of this, but Dutchy took it all.

He said stiffly, "Think so?" And turned away. Camden looked at him in surprise. Dutchy was not usually offended by banter. He watched Dutchy take a few steps in the direction of the group of senior officers, then suddenly turn away at a right angle.

At that moment a shot rang out, followed by a cry. Camden frose. Dutchy halted. Then both ran towards the officers, and reached them just as Flight-Lieutenant Owens sank to the ground at the feet of Terry O'Daniel and Don Rooke.

Terry, irish and emotional, cried out in horror. Don was on his knees talking urgently: "Get hold of the doctor, and signal the ambulance. Get the S.D.O. and the orderly officer here. This looks bad. I think he's dead. Some guard must have been fooling with his rifle."

Terry recovered himself. He was the senior officer, but he obeyed Don's orders. He ran towards the nearest flight office where there was a telephone.

Don peered down at the ugly wound and at Owens' white face. He shook his head, and frowned. There was nothing he could do. He straightened up. Dutchy and Camden were at his side, bending over, staring hard.

"He's dead," said Don briefly. And then, "Camden, you get back to the flare path, and look after your aircraft. What are you up to leaving your post. Van Groot—keep that bunch of trainees away from here."

Camden disappeared. Dutchy said, "Yes, sir." But he did not immediately go. He said, "Who is it, sir?"

"Owens."

Dutchy repeated the name, almost in a whisper. Then he suddenly cursed, "Some of those guards oughtn't to have rifles. It's—it's murder."

Don said sharply, "Who's asking you for an opinion? Get busy with those trainees, and carry on as usual."

Dutchy walked away. Don looked after him hard, and then turned back to Owens.

Terry returned, panting. He said, "The doc's coming right over. Here's the ambulance."

Its siren was wailing, its headlights sweeping the tarmac as they swung. It pulled up with a jerk beside the small group, and two orderlies leapt off and ran to the rear for a stretcher.

"Don't move him," ordered Don. "The doctor will be here in a moment."

The doctor arrived in a car. His inspection was brief. He stood up and spoke to the orderlies.

"Take the body to the hospital. I'll be up right away." He turned and looked at Terry and Don. "He's dead," he said. "How did it happen?"

Don said, "It looks like an accident. One of the guards must have loosed off his rifle. We'll have to find that out."

"Infernal shame," muttered the doctor. He had passed Owens into the service—as he had passed so many of the trainees on the station. He took a personal, a paternal interest in the healthy, virile young bodies he had examined and found fit for training.

He left with the ambulance just as the Station Duty Officer and the Orderly Officer arrived. The S.D.O. was in charge of the station in the absence of the C.O. He gave immediate instructions to the Orderly Officer to change the guard, and have the relieved guard paraded before him after their rifles had been examined, their ammunition checked, and inquiries made.

When the Orderly Officer had gone, he said flatly, "I'd better ring the C.O. and the police. There'll have to be a police investigation as well as a Service court of inquiry." He looked at Terry. Terry nodded, "I'll make out a report for you in the Orderly Room."

Left alone, Don stared blankly into space while he dwelt upon the tragedy. He had flirted with death in the air, and seen its swift conquests too often to be sickened, but this time it had come innocently, without a challenge, and he felt chilled and oppressed, as if the atmosphere was weighted with a sinister threat.

Yet that was silly, for Owens' death was nothing more than an accident. Presently some abject, shivering wretch of a guard would be confessing that he had fired the

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shot accidentally, and his listeners would curse him helplessly, for nothing they could do to him could recall the life he had extinguished.

Don raised his head, and listened as sharp words of command collected the guards from their posts. They were being replaced by others hastily summoned from their huts. A group of mechanics and riggers on duty clustered around the fire waggon awaiting the return of the ambulance van for further details of the incident.

At the edge of the flare path Camden was manipulating his signal lamp, and the machines were doing the circuits.

Don tried to remember the exact angle Owens had been standing in relation to the tarmac when he was stricken down. That might be important.

He turned and faced the tarmac. He shifted his position several times before he was satisfied. He found he was looking not directly at the tarmac, but at an angle to it—towards the aircraft park. Over the top of the flight offices he could see the roof of the power station and the upper story of the bombing lofts.

It looked then as if one of the guards at the aircraft park was responsible for the shot.

He sighed, troubled, for although everything seemed so tragically simple, he could not throw off the queer feeling of oppression, which now lay heavily on his mind.

. . . . . .

The first evidence collected served to confuse rather than to simplify the apparently simple problem of Owens' death.

All the guards at the aircraft park swore earnestly that the shot had not been fired from their locality, but came from farther down the tarmac towards the control tower. Each man's rifle had been inspected and his ammunition checked, but each rifle-barrel had been found clean and every .303 cartridge accounted for.

A .303 bullet had killed Owens. The doctor had extracted it from the officer's neck, and it was now in the possession of Detective-Sergeant Bloom, of the State C.I.B., who had been flown from the city to make investigations when the affair suddenly ceased to look like a simple accident.

Apart from the guards at the aircraft park, the only men on duty were those at the gates situated about half a mile away. They had been grilled also, but they had not even heard the report of the rifle. All the rifles on the station had then been counted and inspected, but nothing had come of that.

Connor, the commanding officer of the station, was puzzled, but not perturbed, although he had called in the C.I.B. to get to the bottom of it. He was convinced that the loyalty and ingenuity of his concerned comrades were shielding the culprit and spreading a smoke-screen. Bloom was of the same opinion, although he had not yet completed his investigation.

He was now with Connor in his office.

"This fellow Owens," he asked. "Was he liked?"

The C.O. answered that without reserve. "All the trainees thought the world of him. He gave them every chance. Only two of the pupils in his flight have been scrubbed, and they are now doing an observer's course in another State. He never came in contact with the guards, so he couldn't have got himself disliked by them. He has never put any man on a charge. I don't know much about his private life, except that he came from Queensland.

"But I'm convinced that nobody had anything against him."

"It surely looks like an accident," nodded Bloom.

But that was before he interviewed Don.

. . . . . .

Don was listening absently to the gossip of a young engineer attached to the Department of Interior. The engineer was in charge of the construction work, and had struck up a friendship with Don. He lived in the Officers' Mess, and his sleeping quarters were next to Don's. His name was Morris Rogers.

He was a young fellow of splendid physique, and was somewhat ashamed of his civil occupation. But it was known that he had enlisted in the Air Force, but had been hauled out because of his engineering qualifications. He was a brilliant engineer. He was also very good-looking.

He had been talking about the almost human characteristics of some machinery, and, in particular, the sulky, childish moods of a diesel engine in the power-house. Then he switched to another matter. He said, "We've finished the nurses' quarters. The doc has sent a signal for his harem, so you'll soon have the feminine touch on the station."

Don smiled politely, and then suddenly sat up. "Is that so. Wouldn't it give you a pain," he said, peeved.

"What's wrong with nurses, anyway?"

"They're all right—excepting when they're young and pretty, and then they're a nuisance. I'm all against having women on a station. We'll have the trainees showing off over the hospital and crashing on the doorstep."

Rogers said, "They're going to live completely secluded lives over at the hospital. Maybe the trainees will never see them unless they go close to breaking their necks." He added with a grin: "You can't make your trainees monks of the air and the station a monastery, you know. You're the only one who would, anyway."

"Maybe you're right. Talking of monks. What's the religious order of that monastery over the way?"

"Something Spanish," said Rogers, and looked amused. "Thinking of joining them?"

"How long has the show been going?"

"Just a mere century. They celebrated recently. There was a splash in the papers about them. The pioneering team came out in a sailing ship to do social work among the natives. They came north and built themselves a monastery and a church over the way. Don't ask me why they picked this spot. It was as good as any other, I suppose.

"They did everything without help; they cut the stones for the buildings, and laid them, and even placed the crosses on top. They made a good job of it all, believe me."

"One of their buildings fell apart, though," said Don, and pointed to a pile of stone and broken walls midway between the station and the monastery.

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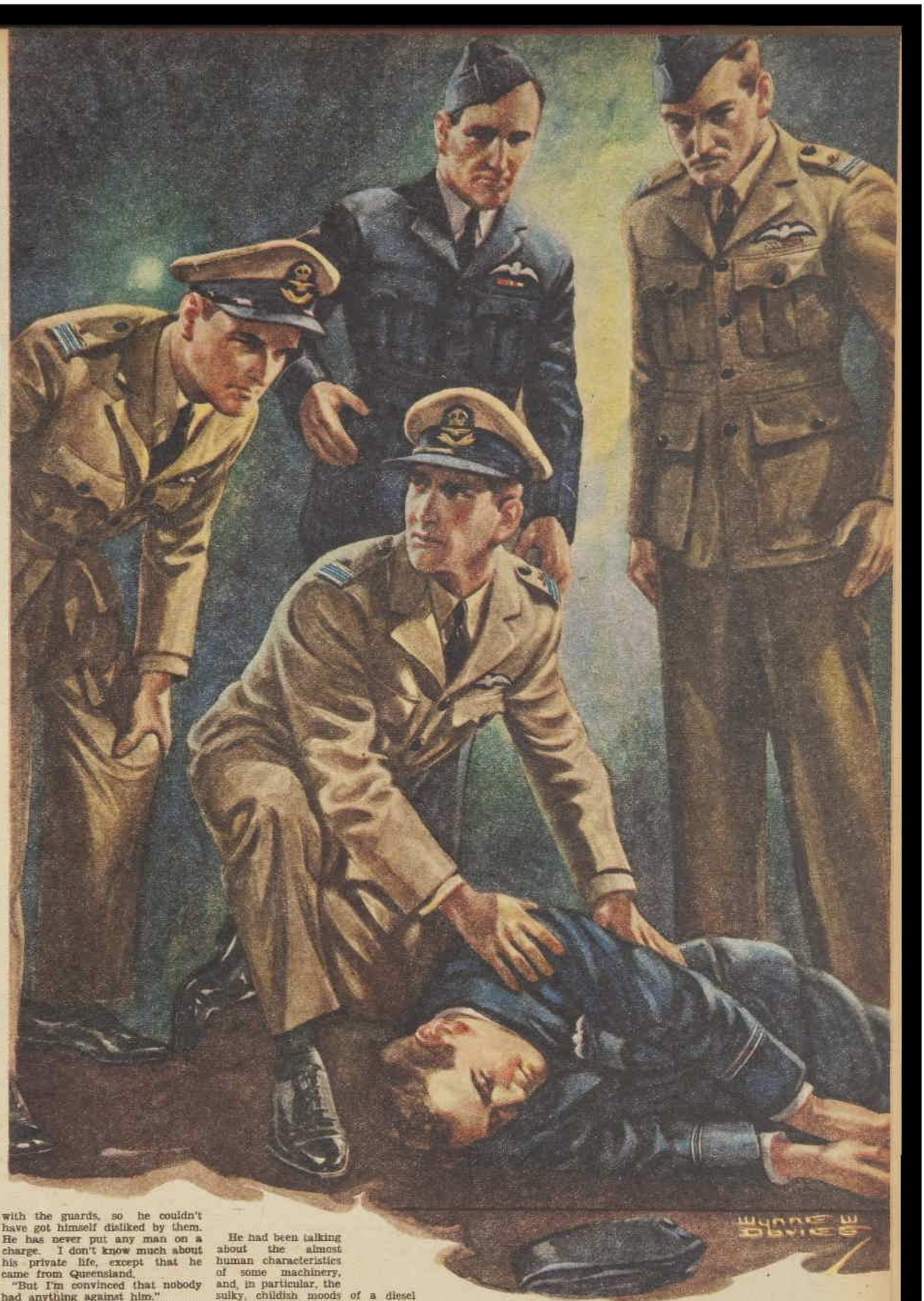

"Get hold of the doctor. This looks bad——" Don said urgently.

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Continuing . . . Enemy Agent

HE heard someone grunt. He heard underbrush crackle under a body shifting to a more comfortable position. Not far away—just on the other side of the dock. The recklessness left him; he felt as patient as time, and as remorseless.

When the crackle died, after rasping across his eardrums like hard chalk, he slid himself away from the tree. Moving his feet ahead by inches, shifting his weight in turn from one to the other without lifting them from the thin grass, he found himself helped occasionally by the other man's bored restlessness. A deep breath up there, a peevish yawn.—

His right foot eased into a stone. He picked it up and held it. In fifteen minutes he covered perhaps fifteen feet.

A tree, quite thick enough to hide a man, pushed through the fog at him. Someone got up fretfully on the other side of it, and he froze where he was; his breathing stopped. There was no doubt about what the greyness was now. Black, naked branches took shape in it; a path ran back under his feet.

He raised his gun. He tossed the stone in his left hand down the path. It thumped there, bounced. The shadow of the guard, rifle in hand, moved around the tree towards him. Instantly, and much faster than he had ever thought he could move, he smashed his gun three times into the side of its head.

After that he saw everything—boat, lamp, dock, water—through wavering reddish streaks. Even then he never expected to reach the boat alive. Wouldn't there be another guard waiting for him?

Yet he did not hurry. With the gun in his hand he almost strolled out to the dock, looked around him there, then bent and cast off the rope. There were no shots, no sounds anywhere. A moment after he got into the boat the fog swept over him and the island vanished.

Done, he thought. Now—— He began to row. His cheeks, puffed up hotly under his eyes, bothered him; a curious and empty ringing, an echo of silence, circled out and out through his head.

When he had rowed for some distance he dug his right oar into the water and pulled hard on the left one. Apparently he was clear of the island; he passed the place where it should have been, and another fifty feet, without seeing a sign of it.

He was all right then. Straight behind him, minutes away, was the far side of the river. He rested awhile. The stillness about him, the remote pure secrecy of a white world all hushed and empty, seemed to be all he wanted. He saw it, felt it, heard it, smelled it, almost tasted it.

Back there on the dock he had walked out toward death, without caring very much whether it came or not, but now everything was changed. Now, in his flesh, in his mind, too, he felt nakedly and passionately and thankfully alive.

Dawn, he thought. The fog streamed up in odd bulges, uneasily; through it he could see stretches of clear grey water, another world revealing itself bit by bit in narrow aisles, in pools of limpid and sunless serenity. Far behind him the motor-boat churned into life.

They've discovered the guard, he thought. They know where I'm headed for. He began to row again, not far this time. Before they had rounded the island he stepped out of the boat and edged it back into the current. Let them find him now. He looked out at the boat and saluted briskly, but with some derision.

Good luck, he thought; the best of everything from Herr Kapitan Otto Harbecht.

On a tiny strip of beach, with a

from page 4

short but sharp, upward rise behind it to some trees that almost overhung the river, he took off the trench coat and threw it into a clump of reeds. If they knew about Bender they knew about the coat; get rid of it, then, so that they couldn't spot him at once by it. He turned, vigorous, resolute, almost cheerful, to the bank that was no more than a foot or two over his head.

There were roots up there, digging down through the earth; his hands were on them, ready to pull him up, when he heard two men moving toward him through the woods.

They stopped just over him. There was no place to hide, no time either; all he could do was to press himself flat against the bank, his head twisted up painfully.

They would go by, he thought. They could not know he was there or they would have been much more careful. So, in a moment.—

He thought of the rowboat, and looked around at it. It bobbed gently offshore, thick curls of fog twining up over it without altogether obscuring it; the bow swung away from him, then swung round again in a lazy circle. Thirty seconds more, ten feet or so farther out into the river, and they would not be able to see it from the shore. Half a minute, he thought, his grey eyes luminous as a child's.

ALL that he had endured—hunger, exhaustion, the island, the night, Bender—he would have endured again to have that time pass instantly, in a breath.

But it happened that only part of it went by—ten, perhaps twelve, seconds. Then one voice broke off into a startled exclamation over him, and the other cursed huskily. A branch snapped as though it had been thrust aside—to see better, he thought. Now that they knew where the boat was they'd jump down to the beach. They'd find him there. It was over.

He did not feel sorry. He felt relieved, if he felt anything. That was shameful—and he knew it was shameful—and yet he could not help it. In the end it might come down to the fact that a man could stand so much, and then he was done. He turned. At least it would be quicker this way, he thought. No questions. A few shots. Well, he'd tried. That was all anyone could do.

Then the motor-boat, very close now, droned up louder through the mass of fog brooding low over the water.

One of the men on the bank shouted at it, then fired twice, apparently into the air. The next moment it sliced out of the fog as if it had been waiting for those things. The two over him roared together, excitedly.

"That way!" they cried—he could picture the way their arms were thrust out. "That way, quick!"

They saw him from the boat—that was the part he could not understand at first—but they did not stop, or fire at him. They just swung in close to shore, while one of the figures by the rail lifted an arm at him. Then the slim, black shape vanished again, and the men on the bank began to crash away after it.

He stood there as if he could not move. They had seen him. Why hadn't they——

Then he knew the reason why. From the motor-boat they must have been three men standing close together in a group. Two were on the bank, one just under them on the beach; it seemed incredible—it was, indeed, a source afterwards of many long and bitter arguments—that the two above had never seen the one below them.

His eyes closed for a moment or two. A bit of luck, he thought. Well, maybe he had it coming to him. He reached up and took hold of the roots again and climbed the bank. That night, three or four hours after dark, he crossed the Swiss border.

Two men talked about him next morning in a private office at Gestapo headquarters in Berlin.

"Higginson," one of them said. He was a small man with thin brown hair and coolly venomous brown eyes. "James Percival Higginson—it's a little late now to tell me who he is, I think."

The other man mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

He said: "Everything was done that could be done. I hope you understand that. He passed himself off as a certain Captain Otto Harbecht, home on leave from the Russian front. I don't know how he got into Germany or what he wanted. But——"

"But we know how he got out," the first man said. "We know that, don't we?" He looked across the desk placidly enough, but for some reason the other man found it necessary to use his handkerchief again.

THE first man went on acidly: "As to what he wanted—if they are really thinking of an invasion they will require very precise information as to the number of planes we produce these days. This Higginson, as Captain Otto Harbecht, probably got that information. He got away from you, and he killed Bender. There are men not so valuable to us as Bender was. He spoke English like one of those Yankees; he was even registered in their draft."

"When we got him back to America, after the training we gave him here, he could have been very useful to us. You agree, Stromer?"

Stromer agreed. Yes. Of course. But that Englishman—they had him cornered on the Berlin Express. When he opened a window and jumped out, it was going so fast that he should have been killed then. But he got away, and he got away from them on the island, too. Sometimes they had most extraordinary luck.

"And sometimes," the first man said, "they are helped by stupidity. But we shall attend to that, Stromer. At once."

Stromer looked into his handkerchief. There was no need for him to say anything then.

Of course, James Percival Higginson did not call it most extraordinary luck. He never talked very much about it. When he showed up in London some time later he said it had been a bit of a run, but not bad, considering. Once he reached Switzerland there had been nothing to it at all.

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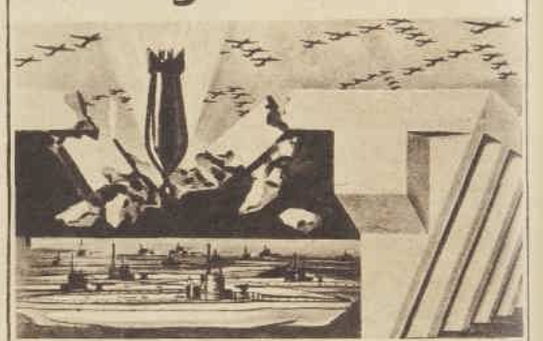

Walt. Disney's "Victory Through Air Power." United Artists Release

THE above sketch illustrates the rocket type armour-piercing bomb which, by cutting through steel and concrete, demolishes the U-boat bases so carefully planned to give complete immunity from air attack. In this and many other ways enemy strongholds are being blasted by Allied planes.

But it is not only in actual offensive power that Air Power spells Victory. Equally vital is the strength of civil airlines which support and sustain those vital arteries—the civil—industrial—and military lines of communications.

Australian National Airways is proud that its huge organisation places at the service of Australia and the Allied Nations a continent-wide system of airlines — the largest network of internal airlines operated by any company in the world.

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THREE MORE OF WEP'S PAINTINGS from his tour of nor'-west Australia are published this week. On the cover, Australian soldiers are playing cards between swims on a remote beach. On this page, above, there's an all-khaki washing-day, the lines strung between the trees carrying dozens of shorts and shirts. Below, transport men are seen at a halting-place near a waterhole on one of the winding, dusty roads of the Northern Territory.

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Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy**, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 1/-, 2/-.

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The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

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Mendaco Relieves Asthma . . Now 6/- and 12/-

Leslie Howard's The Gentle Sex

1 **A RECRUIT** in the A.T.S., Anne (Joyce Howard) says goodbye to her father, Colonel Lawrence (Frederick Leister).

2 **ENJOYING** camp life are Anne and Erna (Lilli Palmer), Dot (Jean Gillie), Maggie (Rosamund John), Betty (Joan Greenwood), Gwen (Joan Gates).

4 **HIGHLAND FLING** danced by Maggie and a Scots corporal (John Laurie) at the same dance held at the camp is the beginning of a delightful friendship.

3 **ROMANCE SOON** begins when Flying - Officer David Sheridan (John Justin) meets Anne at dance.

5 **JOAN** (B. Waring) complains about A.T.S. to Maggie, Erna, and Anne.

6 **ACTIVE** service during air raids silences Joan's complaints as with Erna and Maggie she is told by captain of depot (Harry Welshman) to pick up wounded from gun site.

Tribute to British women

THE late Leslie Howard produced "The Gentle Sex," a Gaumont-British Dominions release, as a tribute to the women of Britain, who are serving in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Production was supervised by Chief Controller Knox, head of the A.T.S., who says:

"In an authentic background we see seven women through many stages of training and then undertaking their full and rightful share of service in the Army."

A hair style suitable for wartime, and specially for women in uniform, has been created by Jean Gillie, who plays Dot. It has been christened the Gillie cut.

THIS economy year... LISTERINE Tooth Paste comes into its own! It goes further! Cleans better! Saves you money!

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Contains only the finest dental powders, creamed for convenience—plus the antiseptic oils of LISTERINE, something you get in no other dentifrice.

Large Generous Size Tubes

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War Strain Beaten

With every year of war, nervous strain tends to increase, unless you take steps to re-build the resources of energy upon which you may be making such heavy calls each day or night. So it will be good news, won't it, to know that you can throw off quickly the effects of war strain, domestic or business worries, and face the future with new confidence. All you need is WINCARNIS, the natural tonic wine that fortifies the nerves and brain. WINCARNIS is blended from choice wines and two kinds of strengthening vitamins. Over 26,000 recommendations from medical men prove how WINCARNIS brings back the alertness of health. You'll feel better, brighter in mind and stronger in body with the first glass of WINCARNIS. It is the "No-Waiting Tonic". Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS.

PLEASE BUY ONLY AS MUCH

TRUFOOD FULL CREAM *AS YOU NEED...*

THEN THERE'LL BE ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE

War-workers and the forces—everyone needs plenty of pure safe milk in the diet, these strenuous days. That's why we ask you to make your Trufood Full Cream go as far as you can. By buying only what you actually need you'll help to ensure that everyone gets a fair share.

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TRUFOOD FULL CREAM POWDERED MILK is pure fresh milk in dairy form. No preservatives are added.

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DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER *a friend in need for Stomach Pains*

Every day you continue to suffer from stomach trouble or indigestion is one more day of regret for you. But by starting NOW with De Witt's Antacid Powder you ensure instant relief from the first dose . . . permanent freedom from dreaded pain after meals . . . return of an eat-what-you-like digestion. That's what De Witt's Antacid Powder brings to every victim of digestion disorders.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. In large sky-blue canisters, 2/6.

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COVER GIRLS . . .

• *In the top-flight of cover girls is Dusty Anderson, of Toledo, Ohio.*

• *Famous as a cover girl, model, and film star, Jinx Falkenburg has smiled from thousands of American billboards.*

• *Cornelia Baekeland von Hexsert is known as Dicki to all cover-girl-conscious Americans. She is a granddaughter of the inventor of velox photographic paper and bakelite.*

Fresh as a Spring Breeze

That's you when you use Liquid Odorono which you need use as little as once a week.

Every woman must decide for herself just how often she must use Odorono (for physical control varies) . . . but regularity of use guarantees infallible results. Develop the regular habit of Odorono, and dismiss the threat of perspiration for a week or more.

Odorono is a doctor's prescription. It comes in two strengths: "Regular", the most effective perspiration check ever made, and "Instant", milder for women with especially sensitive skin.

ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 2/2, and 3/9.

Yardley

To make your precious Yardley products last longer, use only the faintest film. That's all you need to preserve the texture of your skin, to create the "naturalness" of an English Yardley complexion. When you must replenish . . . there are limited stocks at most fine stores and chemist shops.

Put your best face forward . . .

Yardley of London

BY APPOINTMENT

KEEP ON BUYING NATIONAL SAVINGS BONDS

GY11-44

• *Anita Colby, who was in charge of the fifteen cover-girl models visiting Hollywood.*

Famous Beauties in Films

EVEN Hollywood, home of glamor, sat up and took notice when sixteen more glamorous girls arrived on the scene. They were Anita Colby and 15 other cover-girl models booked by Columbia Pictures to play in "Cover Girls," starring Rita Hayworth.

From coast to coast these girls have gazed at Americans from the covers of national magazines, and in the film each girl represents one of these magazines.

Anita Colby, herself a famous cover girl, is chaperon of the party. She is only in her twenties, but she has a way of her own, and knows how to clamp down on late nights or undesirable dates. Not publicly—oh, no—but whatever Anita says behind the scenes must be effective, for she keeps the team in perfect health. Plenty of sleep, right meals, and right exercise are her rules.

THE DAY WILL DAWN

It is more than four years since that fateful day in September, 1939.

Unpredictable disasters have occurred and we have survived them, but our efforts must not be relaxed.

Let us then hasten the day of Victory by purchasing 5/- National Savings Stamps and War Savings Certificates.

For be it near or distant, we can be sure THAT DAY WILL DAWN.

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You can save vital space on ships and planes by sending your Empire Mail via "AIRGRAPH". Your nearest Post Office will supply full details.

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Spitfire boys on leave like spell of family life

ENGAGEMENT has been announced of LAC Wm. Harrington, of Clerkenwell, London, and Miss Gwyn Carter, of Punchbowl, Sydney. They met at a canteen where Miss Carter was a voluntary worker.

BROADCASTING messages to parents in England at A.B.C. studios. From left, at back: LAC A. Mottershaw, LAC D. Howard, LAC T. Eynon, F/Sgt. H. Waters, LAC R. Ford, LAC G. Bayley. In front: Cpl. B. Oxford, LAC J. Platt, LAC S. Mitchell.

F/O. DAVID WHEELER, of St. Albans, England, has morning tea with his hostess, Mrs. Annette Murray, of Burwood, N.S.W. Mrs. Murray has had many British airmen at her home.

Australian hospitality next best thing to going home

By CATHERINE CARIS

British Spitfire boys whose routine job is the dangerous, exciting one of blowing Japanese Zeros out of North Australian skies get their biggest thrill on leave out of sharing the homely intimacy of an Australian family circle.

"It's the next best thing to being able to go home on leave," said one pilot. There was a faint wistfulness in his voice, an unintentional reminder that he was very young and very far from his own family tea parties.

SINCE their arrival more than a year ago to fly alongside our own boys gave such a lift to our spirits, most of these lads have been at an operational station in Northern Australia.

I met a group of them recently in Adelaide, enjoying their first leave. I rather expected to hear their idea of a holiday was to have a tearing good time with not a dull moment.

But though they were full of the high spirits of youth, and wistfulness made only a fleeting impression, it was quite evident that they felt it specially good to sit round an ordinary family dinner-table again, to have a game of tennis on a tree-lined family court, to go off to the pictures in a friendly family party, or to dance on a drawing-room carpet.

These things, enjoyed with hospitable Australians whom they'd visited, were the things that warmed their hearts more than the gay parties and the dancing they were enjoying, too.

Already these boys talk "Australian" glibly, and use such words as "jumbuk" and "billabong" much more freely than Australians.

In their own vernacular, Australian girls are some of the "bestest," and Adelaide is "just one of the beautiest little towns."

CPL. JIM WARD, of Croydon, England, with Eleanor and Elizabeth, daughters of his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fell, of Wahroonga, Sydney.

Current jest

I LEARNED the Spitfire mannerism of the moment.

When one has said something he thinks is particularly bright he shuts his hand, looks at his finger-nails, breathes on them, and then rubs them on his jacket as though polishing them.

"Look out, she's got a pencil!" one exclaimed when I produced a notebook.

For a moment a couple reacted as though I were a Zero. They took off, circled the lounge a couple of times, but landed back among their friends eventually.

Later a couple of minor crashes interrupted the conversation of F/Sgt. John Cressey, who has a habit of tilting his chair backward while talking.

Twice he went right over backwards, but, as befitted one accustomed to aerobatics, he picked himself and his sentence up without a pause.

Tallest of the group was six-foot F/Sgt. Jay Reaney, who before the war was a commercial traveller. He went right on travelling when he joined the Air Force, and has been in France, U.S.A., Canada, South America, New Zealand, and now Australia.

He is full of fun, and has a strong Yorkshire accent.

He isn't afraid of fan mail, either. "We're on leave for a fortnight, and I'm ready for all correspondents," he said, "though girls whose fathers don't own many jumbuks needn't apply."

F/Sgt. Reaney doesn't think we make tea properly. He gave me full instructions—heating pot, putting in tea, and pouring in the water just after it came to boiling point.

I told him we were practically the world's greatest tea drinkers, and how else did any one make tea? So the difference remains unsolved.

F/Sgt. Bill Holmes, known as "Splash," was employed in a London brewery before the war.

"He was the chief beer taster," chorused his friends.

"I was merely on the clerical staff," said F/Sgt. Holmes. "All the same, there's no beer like English beer," he added reminiscently.

With the British boys was F/O. Gerry Cowell, an Australian, who served with the same Spitfire squadron in England.

Some of the boys have become "adopted" members of Australian families.

When they first came from England, before going north, various organisations arranged that they should stay in private homes.

Some have returned to the same homes for subsequent leave.

R.A.F. SPITFIRE BOYS on leave from Northern Australia. From left: F/O. Tony Hughes, F/O. Gerry Cowell (R.A.A.F.), F/Sgts. Clem Finney, Jay Reaney, Bill Holmes, and John Cressey.

F/O. IAN TAYLOR, of Glasgow, and Mrs. Norman Dwyer, with whom he is staying at Randwick, Sydney. Mrs. Dwyer's only son, P/O. Norman Dwyer, has been reported missing.

Twenty-one-year-old F/O. David Wheeler now regards the home of Mrs. Annette Murray, at Burwood, N.S.W., as his Australian home.

Mrs. Murray has had many R.A.F. boys staying with her and her family. Since the beginning of the war 85 servicemen, some Australian, some British, and some Dutch, have been her guests at various times.

She has had many letters from English parents.

Many letters

F/O. WHEELER'S father, the Rev. Stanley Mortimer Wheeler, of Shenley, St. Albans, England, wrote to Mrs. Murray recently saying he would have liked to be able to christen her first grandchild, the baby daughter of S/Sgt. and Mrs. David Murray.

David Wheeler was one of the lads whose pictures appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly last July, illustrating a story about a British Spitfire unit in Northern Australia.

As a result he received many letters.

Two women — Mrs. Hooker, of Ararat, Vic., and Mrs. I. Brookes, of Newcastle, N.S.W.—still send him cakes and papers at regular intervals.

Cpl. Jim Ward's grey R.A.F. uniform is becoming a familiar sight in Wahroonga, N.S.W., a leafy suburb reminiscent of many parts of his native South of England.

When he first arrived in Australia he stayed with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fell, has stayed with them and at several other homes in the district when he has had leave, and has met other families when attending church in the neighborhood.

"People have been wonderfully kind to us here," said Cpl. Ward.

"All the Australian girls seem to be pretty. They're not as—what shall I say—sophisticated as English girls, more free and easy."

Tall, quiet F/Sgt. Horace Waters is "Wal" to Mr. and Mrs. O. Kelly and their four daughters. He has been spending a second visit with them at their home at Wahroonga.

"Wal" looks much younger than his 35 years, 18 of which have been spent in the R.A.F. He thinks he has probably worked on every type of plane that has been used by the R.A.F.

He is married, with a son, Brian, aged five and a half.

Among lads staying recently with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dwyer at Randwick is F/O. Ian Taylor.

Ian Taylor, 21, is an instructor at a Victorian training unit, after service in the North. He is a Scotsman, and is engaged to a girl in his home city, Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer have a hotel at Randwick, and have had many British airmen staying there as their personal guests.

Their only son, P/O. Norman Dwyer, has been reported missing in New Guinea.

It was because of the kindness of English people to Norman Dwyer that his parents asked Air Force House to tell them of any English boys who would like to stay with them.

"Norman was two and a half years in the Middle East and in England," said Mrs. Dwyer. "The English people were wonderful to him.

"He wrote to me and said: 'Mum, if any English boys come to Australia I hope you'll be good to them. Their people have been wonderful to me.'"

Among the lads who have found romance in Australia is LAC William Harrington, of Clerkenwell, London.

When Bill Harrington first came to Australia he visited the Kalocla Hut recreation rooms in Sydney.

Partners for good

WHILE waiting for a cup of tea, he was asked to play cards by a voluntary helper, pretty Miss Gwyn Carter.

He became so interested in the card game—or his partner—that he forgot about the tea.

Afterwards they corresponded, and now they have become engaged.

Gwyn Carter lives at Punchbowl, Sydney, and is the only child of Mrs. M. E. Carter. Her father, Cpl. J. G. Carter, A.I.F., was killed in Darwin.

Bill Harrington, however, comes from a very large family.

"It's so complicated, no one ever grasps it properly," he said, "but my mother and father were both married before, and there are children of all three marriages."

In Northern Australia, LAC Harrington became friendly with an R.A.A.F. corporal, Billy Jones.

Both were athletic, Bill as a weight-lifter, Jones as an acrobat, so they combined their talents for a concert act, and called themselves the "Bills of Health."

The act was so popular that it was borrowed for other units in the area.

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Editorial

FEBRUARY 26, 1944

PUBLIC OPINION

A CALL to public opinion to be on the side of what is right rather than merely legal is contained in the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent remarks on profiteers in land sales.

He was condemning the boom prices being demanded for farmlands in a recent wave of real estate speculation in England.

"Public opinion should brand unjust speculators as traitors," he said. "I hope this sin against the public will be made effectively illegal. If it cannot, let us at least regard it as a thing for which any man should be turned out of a decent club."

This sounds a rather "old school tie" form of punishment by popular disapproval, but the power of such opinion can be felt in all grades of life.

Any of us would find it uncomfortable to go on living in a small community which knew us guilty of peeking at the next person's bridge hand, reading someone else's letter, or committing any one of a hundred such offences which yet would not bring a policeman to our door.

Public opinion is unanimous on such things.

But there are still far too many people who subscribe to the cynical philosophy that it's smart to get rich quickly, and that the money-maker can hardly be expected to think of anything except his profits so long as he keeps within the law.

English land speculation is a case in point.

If every man now greedily exploiting the nation's need knew that the price of his excessive prosperity was certain to be public contumely and social ostracism he might well be prepared to forgo his unfair gains.

The Archbishop has given us something to think about.

—THE EDITOR.

News of Jap atrocities angers troops

Grim-mouthed young soldiers move out to forward area

The effect on "apparently heedless young soldiers" of the news of Japanese cruelties to their mates is described in a letter from a captain in New Guinea.

The lads who, the night before, had laughed and jested, he says, were transformed.

"LAST night, Perry and I went for a stroll," he writes.

"The boys were relaxing—singing, swapping yarns, playing poker, writing home, or simply indulging in chaff and cheery banter as they rested.

"One lad recited Australian poems to a critical audience, striking a responsive chord with the lines:

I've seen an army marching out, a hundred thousand strong,
I've felt the thrill of battle and the smart;
But I'd barter all the glory for a day at Dandenong,
With the cool hand of the bush upon my heart. . . .

"'Good old George Essex Evans,' murmured Perry as we resumed our stroll. Then: 'Sentimental young beggars, eh?'

"'They are all young,' I reminded him.

"That night a rumor (unlike most rumors, it was true) of Japanese brutality and fiendish inhumanity to some Australian wounded went around the camp.

"This morning I watched a detachment moving out to a forward area. Young men, tall, slim-waisted, broad in the chest, brown-skinned, clean-featured, with good hair and teeth—the lads who, last night, had laughed and jested and known moments of sentiment. But they were different.

"The story of the diabolical Japanese cruelty to their mates had transformed them; and as I looked at their grim mouths and deep-set eyes I knew a feeling of exultation.

"What their thoughts were I could guess, and of one thing I was sure.

"'God help the enemy they meet with the bayonet, for they will have no mercy on him,' ran my thought.

"Do not worry over the future of Australia. It and our most sacred traditions are safe in the keeping of those apparently heedless young soldiers.

"They do not carry their hearts on their sleeves, but they are pure gold.

"God bless them! I am sure He has."

F/Sgt. Peter O'Connor, in England, to Miss Beth Meldrum, 14 Avonmore Ave., North Norwood, S.A.:

"THE other day, a whole crowd of us went out for a bit of a route march to get the chill out of our toes, and warm the 'bod' up, as our very 'pukka' C.O. says.

"We marched and marched until we came to a tiny little village—the weirdest little place, just a collection of little grey stone houses with an old churchyard, full of very weather-beaten headstones.

"Right in the front of the yard was a row of freshly made graves, with new marble tombstones—the graves of German officers of the Luftwaffe shot down in action over England, each with his name and rank inscribed.

"It was rather strange to come across these graves in the peace and quiet of a little English village."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

TROOPS in Northern Territory. Photo sent by Cpl. Arthur Sullivan (left, front row) of himself and some of his pals to his mother in South Melbourne, Victoria.

SOUVENIRS. Twenty-one-year-old Sapper Warwick Peters dressed up in a grass skirt tries his skill with a native bow and arrow.

RECEIVING HIS WINGS in Canada from Air-Marshal Goble, LAC, now F/O., Alden Ellis, one of four brothers in the Services. Photo sent in by his mother, Mrs. E. M. Ellis, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

F/Sgt. A. G. Hayes, near Darwin, to his wife at 13 Gray St., Brunswick, Vic.:

"HAD to go on a job into a very wild and desolate spot.

"Travelled by air to our base and spent several days getting gear together for the expedition.

"We left there by boat on a sea trip lasting several days.

"It was very rough most of the time, and our boat was only a twenty-foot motor launch. Waves were washing over us all the time.

"When we reached our landing spot we had to anchor several miles out and go in in a dinghy.

"Couldn't even get close enough with that, and finally had to wade a mile to shore. Didn't feel too happy, either, as the sea teemed with sharks.

"The last stretch was through thick mud up to our thighs.

"From here we walked inland 25 miles, quite a stretch in the heat, laden with gear and over and through crocodile-infested swamps and rough and broken country.

"When we camped for the night the crocs. were all around us, and we took turns during the night standing guard with a rifle while the others slept.

"By the time we had finished our job and hiked back we felt a bit weary on it."

A staff-sergeant in New Guinea to his wife in Maroochydore, Qld.:

"WE are supplied with anti-mosquito lotion, but some of the things it is good for are unbelievable.

"With perspex out of the planes it makes a good glue. It also sticks perspex for souvenir-making.

"It doesn't smell too bad, either, so makes a good hair-oil.

"When you put it on to stop mozzies it cures any rashes you might have.

"It is good to light the fire, oil the watch, and last, but by no means least, it is good to start off a brew of jungle juice.

"It seems to be a good substitute for anything we are short of, and is the best insect repellent we have had."

Lance-Bmbdr. G. L. Fischer, in the Northern Territory, to his cousin, Mrs. V. Westwood, Twynam St., Narrandera, N.S.W.:

"TO relieve the monotony, we are putting on 'The Maid of the Mountains' with an all-male cast.

"I even found time to write the dialogue! Am pleased to say all is coming along nicely, and the date of the 'premiere' is fixed.

"It would be rather appropriate for you to observe a minute's silence on the night, I think, then visualise the tomatoes (in tins!) being thrown at us!

"I believe Gladys Moncrieff is to make a tour of this area. The reason is rather obvious, don't you think?

"I'm still doing lots of reading. At the moment am completely immersing myself in Shakespeare. If I go 'troppo' I shall affect a flowing beard and go round with a light in my eyes muttering 'To be, or not to be.'"

R. A. Worthington at Stalag XVIIIA in Germany to Miss Iris Swaysland, 267 Ekileni Rd., Annerley, Qld.:

"WE are situated on a spur of a range which runs off the Alps in the Austrian Tyrol.

"Our little district consists of a narrow valley, a mile or so wide, running down between two lines of hills.

"These hills are very thickly wooded with pine, beech, and birch, and evergreens.

"Viewed from the warm kitchen of a farmhouse they make a very nice picture when the snow is falling and the boughs are drooping under its weight.

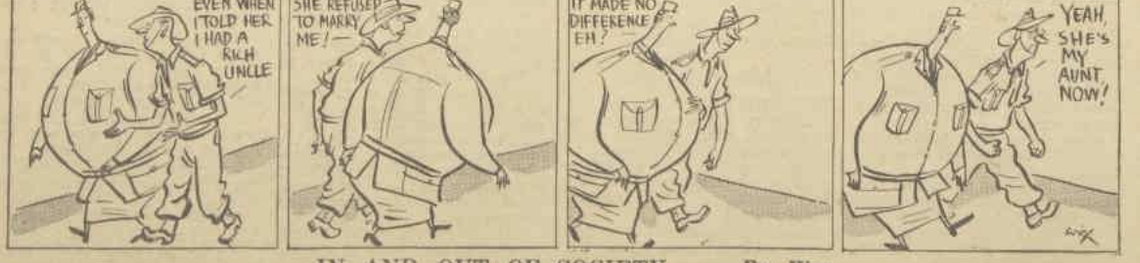
"A narrow, swift-running mountain stream cuts its way down the centre of the valley, lined on one side by the first-class metal road leading to the village, six miles away.

"On the other side of the stream run the telephone and electric light lines. But the farmers here have never worried about improvements. What was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them.

"Most of the farmhouses are built along the side of the road in the middle of the valley. Each morning the local milkmaids bring the milk to the guest-house where I work, and here it is collected by a van and taken to the factory in town.

"When I first arrived here it looked such a picturesque and peaceful spot in which to spend our period of prisonship.

"But now, after more than twelve months here, with fourteen hours' solid toil six days a week, the shine seems to have somewhat disappeared."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

PEOPLE born under the signs of Pisces, Cancer, and Scorpio should have good fortune this week, with Taurians and Capricornians next in line.

All these groups should plan wisely in an effort to make improvements and changes in life, for they are likely soon to have opportunities for advancement.

Leonians and Arians are favored this week, also. Virgoans, however, should concentrate on good humor and hope. They should refrain from criticising others, and should dodge loss, separation, and disappointments.

Geminians and Sagittarians should also be wary of difficulties, worries, and discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): February 23 and February 22 (to midday) can prove helpful and pleasing. So can February 26 (after 10 a.m.) and February 27. Utilise to best advantage.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Midday hours of February 24, fair; Around 2 p.m., poor. February 25 (after 2 p.m.), February 26 (10 a.m. to afternoon), and February 27 (dawn to 4 p.m.), all mildly pleasing. February 28, poor near sunset, but good thereafter. February 29, tricky.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be on guard against indiscretions, unpopularity, impatience, and worry. Live by routine, especially on February 24, 25, and 26.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep busy for a few weeks, for good fortune, gains, and promotions are possible. February 22 and 23, very good, especially to 2 p.m., February 24, good to midday, then poor to 2 p.m., February 25, tricky, yet helpful. February 28, poor near sunset, but good after 7 p.m.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): February 24 (after 10 a.m.) may bring previous good work to pleasing fruition. February 27 (to 4 p.m.), very good. Finalise outstanding matters.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Take things quietly now. Avoid changes, upsets, losses, partings, and opposition, especially on February 24 and 25. Be patient and discreet.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Past good work may bring satisfactory results on February 22 (to afternoon), or February 27 (to 2 p.m.). So work hard on these days.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Opportunities ahead, so plan, and work hard. February 24, fair to midday, poor to 2 p.m., but fair thereafter. February 25, fair, but tricky. February 26 and 27 have helpful possibilities.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Live quietly for some weeks. Gaieties, sports, and industrious pursuits now. Routine affairs best, especially on February 24 and 25.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): February 22 and 23 (to afternoon) can be helpful and pleasant. February 25 tricky. February 26, poor near sunset, then good. February 27, tricky.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unfinished business can be helped to a conclusion on February 22 and 23 (except mid-afternoon hours), also on February 26 (10 a.m. to afternoon) and February 27 (to 4 p.m.).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Some good weeks ahead, so plan with confidence. Seek favors, gains, and changes. February 22 (to afternoon), good. February 23 (to 2 p.m.), good. February 24, good to midday, poor to 2 p.m., but fair thereafter. February 25, fair, but tricky in morning. February 26, very fair. February 27, very good. February 28 (after sunset), good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"What with rationing this swimming season, an inch is as good as a yard for a girl's bathing suit."

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in danger of losing

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, because

SHARPY: Wrestling manager, having tricked Lothar into signing a contract, persuaded a promoter to feature Lothar in a fight with Killer, a topflight wrestler. Killer knows that Lothar, though so strong, fights only when angered, and makes friends with him. Consequently Lothar does not try at first, and the crowd yells for its money back. But when Mandrake tells him Killer has played him for a fool, Lothar gets angry.

NOW READ ON:

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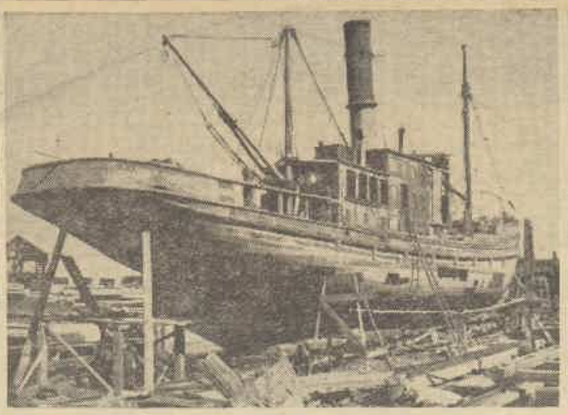
STRATEGIC ROAD. Stretch of the gravel-surfaced Queensland inland defence road, constructed by the C.C.C.



REFIT. Small vessel on the slipway being overhauled and refitted by the Allied Works Council Small Ships Section.

PIPELINE, crossing a backwater, which connects berthing facilities with oil tanks located a short distance away.

C.C.C. is changing the face of a co

Middle-aged army building wartime needs that will be peacetime assets

The Civil Constructional Corps was formed nearly two years ago to supply the huge manpower resources needed for the Allied Works Council.

Pictures on these pages give some idea of the tremendous achievements of these men who are changing the face of Australia.

WHICHEVER of the three Services your particular serviceman is in, whether he is in Australia, New Guinea, or neighboring islands, the men of the C.C.C. have helped to make his work safer, his life more comfortable, his value as a fighting man more effective.

Since its first member, Walter Jell, a mechanical scoop operator, joined the Corps, its total enrolment has grown to more than 50,000 men, the majority of them between 35 and 60 years of age.

They have worked in every State in Australia, many of them as voluntary "shock workers" in Darwin, New Guinea, and Torres Strait, enduring wartime risks and hardships.

Many of its members are working in the sun-scorched mica fields of the Northern Territory, others are coping with the huge demand for timber in a lumber camp 3200 feet above sea level, at Cloudy Clearing, on Mount Spec, Queensland.

The C.C.C. men have ten clear days' leave once a year. During that year they may move from Tasmania to the Far North, from the Eastern sea coast to Central Australia.

Often their camps are the first buildings constructed in virgin bush.

Their work has profoundly altered the physical and economic features of a continent.

The strategic roads they have constructed—a mileage that would stretch from Sydney to Tokio — will open vast areas for post-war settlement.

Huge factories in farming areas will lead to redistribution of population.

Enormous airfields—more than 300 of them—will link formerly remote areas in the bush with far-away cities.

Work on one aerodrome in Northern Queensland was begun 36 hours after the requisition had been made for it.

Seventeen days later it was ready for bombers. C.C.C. men working with their bulldozers and shovels alongside the young men of the Air Force in their streamlined planes.

Eight weeks after the work began the runways were being used in round-the-clock operations against the Japanese in the Coral Sea.

The Allied Works Council started work in a block of flats in Melbourne with a staff of three clerks, two typists, and a messenger boy.

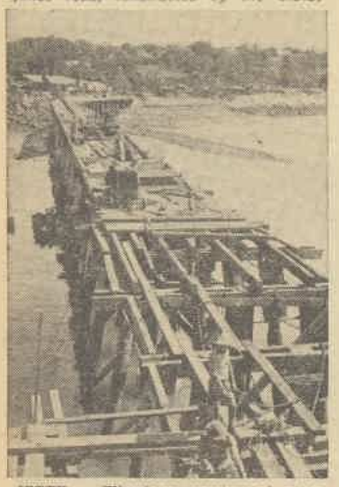
Its administrative and technical staffs now total nearly 5000.

Big achievements

MAJOR projects—those valued at more than £5000—already carried out number more than 1000, and there are nearly 1000 more on the programme. In addition, thousands of smaller projects, costing less than £5000 have been completed.

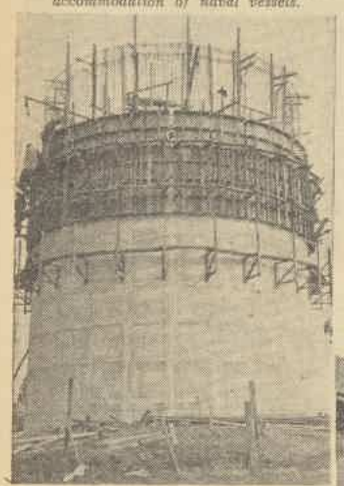
These are some of the many wartime necessities built by the men of the C.C.C.: Aerodromes, staging camps, Army camps, workshops, hospitals, portable huts, shipping berths, boom defences, railways, artillery ranges, fixed defences, electric installations, telephone exchanges, A.R.P. works, research laboratories, abattoirs, broadcasting stations, dehydration plants.

Its largest single expenditure is the Sydney graving dock, estimated cost

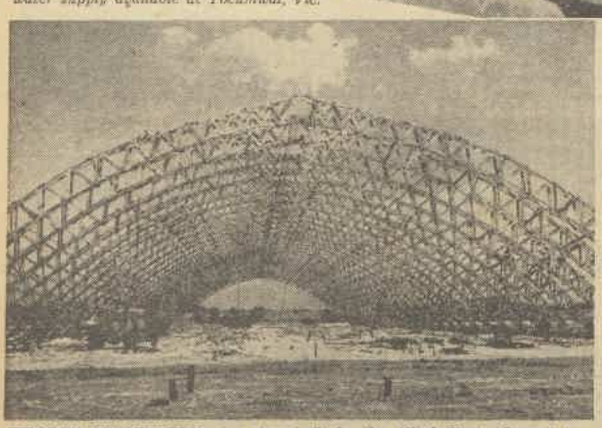


JETTY. Wharfage constructed at a northern port in record time, for the accommodation of naval vessels.

CONCRETING FLOOR with automatic trowel.



WATER reservoir, with capacity of 300,000 gallons, built to supplement regular water supply available at Tocumwal, Vic.



WOODEN FRAMEWORK of a store built by the Allied Works Council for the United States forces. Building allows for maximum storage space.

U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS Lightning fighter taking off from runway constructed by the C.C.C. More than 300 airfields have been built.

SPADE WORK. The spades to the Northe

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RIDGE which spans the Georgina River, on the Mt. Isa-Tennant Creek road. The 403-mile road cost more than a million pounds.

ontinent

£750,000; its biggest maritime pro- a transhipment port to cost 000,000, on which 3000 men are ployed.

Most spectacular item in the two s' work was the Tocumwal Air ool, covering 16 square miles, with 0 buildings and 71 miles of roads.

In many areas the C.C.C. men ed, of necessity, under primitive conditions at first.

Now amenities officers and their camp committees provide com- rts and recreations for the men. wance of £20 is allowed each camp the purchase of sporting equip- nt, and 450 radio sets have been alled in the camps.

The camp committees have appointed librarians to look after braries provided through a recent peal for books. Another 1500 oks are needed for these libraries.

Many friendships have grown up tween C.C.C. workers and local habitants where camps are near wns.

In one town the C.C.C. workers ade in their spare time hundreds toys and nursery furniture for e children of the district at hristmas time.

In other areas where C.C.C. camps re located near Army camps, the o camps have co-operated to pro- de concerts for troops and workers, nd the C.C.C. men have given up eir spare time to building addi- onal amenities for soldiers, nurses, nd Aamwa.

XEMAN at work. Axemen cleared many great stretches of bush for aero- dromes and other defence projects.

SUNTANNED Civil Constructional Corps men at work on a defence project somewhere in Australia. Since the C.C.C. was formed, nearly two years ago, more than 50,000 men have been enrolled. The majority of them are between 35 and 60 years of age.

C.C. workers have turned Australian soil in every State from Tasmania to Territory, and in New Guinea and the Pacific Islands.

ELECTRICAL linesmen at work on an installation at an explosives factory built by the C.C.C.

GIGANTIC steel drum being moved by C.C.C. men. Picture symbolises huge tasks completed by organisation.

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Count on a Sailor

BILL DRAKE admitted being a stranger in town. Once well out of this neighborhood, he might not be able to find it again. Fallers in love at first sight must be fairly dizzy, anyhow. And he might be sailing any minute. The greater the distance between John Appleyard and this ensign, the better the chance of this all blowing over. It was the least she could do for Claire now. Besides, a prospective Waac cannot be too careful.

At the spot beside Janice's car where he had kissed Claire by request, Bill Drake paused reminiscently.

"What a girl!" he murmured. "Beautiful, lovely, ethereal——"

"Come on!"

He looked fixedly at the car. "A girl like that probably wouldn't have a car thief for a friend," he said. "I'll risk it."

He climbed in. Janice slipped out of gear, released the brake, and went silently away from the house.

"S-sailing soon?"

He grinned at her. "Enemy agent?"

"Not funny!"

Not till they were two blocks down the snowy hill did he turn forward. He took off his cap, looked at it solicitously, and then replaced it carefully.

"Cost eighteen bucks," he said. "Now tell me about her."

"You men are all alike," Janice said resentfully. "Give you a uniform and you lose all sense of proportion, all——"

"That's true," he said. "Except that I've gained mine. Look at me!"

"I have trouble enough now," Janice said. The hill was icy, and even with skid chains on the rear wheels were weaving uncertainly.

He relaxed, content to let her handle the car. "I didn't mean that," he said. "I meant, consider me. I was bashful, once. But you can't be bashful in the Navy. It would be ridiculous. Tell me about Claire."

In this desperate situation, no lie, however eagerly she would have told one, seemed to fit. She found herself grasping at a straw, the mere truth. She turned a corner. She must turn many corners, to confuse him.

"Claire is a sweet girl. She's happily married. Her husband's an accountant. But he got a commission a couple of weeks ago and—well, his uniform went to his head."

"I'll tear his head off!"

She kept on zigzagging away from Baxter Street.

"Claire loves him. But he—he thought he had made an impression on another girl and he rather neglected Claire. And Claire took it to heart. She didn't realise the way to handle it was not to mope, but to show him how attractive she is to other men in uniform. She is, too."

"My little flower! Of course she is. But——"

"Just on impulse, I thought if I could show John graphically how other men react to Claire, he'd come to his senses. So I used you."

"I'll make her forget him," Bill Drake said.

"No!" Janice said. "I tell you she loves him. You mustn't see her again. He—he'd be violently jealous. You've done enough!"

"I've done nothing, beyond one kiss by request." He brooded for a full block. "I mustn't forget I'm a man of action now." He looked at her. "You know, Janice, I used to draw detail plans for houses that another man designed and other men built. Then this war came along, and here I am commanding a gun crew on a freighter making the Atlantic run, and sometimes the Russia run. Murmansk. It's done things to me."

His face was as sober as when she had first seen it.

"Murmansk," he repeated. "In that run, Janice, when a flock of dive-bombers start throwing eggs at you, you don't telephone for the police or write a letter to the newspaper. You haul off and let 'em have it with everything you have. You do it yourself, and not on paper. You know what you want to do and you do it yourself. You design your own houses. I'm not bashful any more."

"No," said Janice. "You're not bashful any more."

She gave her head a little shake. She had turned enough corners. It was time for action. Abruptly she looked past him, out the window on his side of the car. As his head turned, too, her hand stole to the choke button. She pulled it out all the way. As the motor died of an overdose of gas, she thrust it back.

Before he turned his head from the window, her hand was back on the wheel. A frown clouded her forehead.

"There!" she said, steering to the kerb on the dying momentum. "I knew I was shy of gas! This gas gauge is nuts." She switched off and looked around. "We passed a filling station just around that last corner. Would you mind going——"

Bill Drake reached across the instrument panel, switched on the ignition, and peered at the gas gauge. Then he stretched out his foot to the starter pedal.

"Give it some choke," she said brightly.

He didn't. With face blank, he kept the starter whirring. The motor coughed and throbbed righteously into action. "What are grounds for divorce in this State?" he asked. "Though, of course, if Claire preferred to run down to Miami——"

With dignity, Janice drove on. The gas needle quivered at her. Bill prodded her with questions about Claire. Janice answered at random. How was she to get rid of this ensign? She must do something. She was wasting precious gas on him. Sheer automatism brought the car to the bleak Ocean Road out of town. The Ocean Road suggested Muriel Stokes.

Janice drew in chill breath suddenly. Muriel Stokes! A plan, compounded of Muriel's known acquisitiveness and her desperate need, leaped into her head.

He's too good for her, but she'll do, she told herself.

Conscience smote her. After all, he had been on the Murmansk run. She throttled her conscience and flung it out on a snowdrift. He'd asked for it.

"Didn't know you lived out of town," he said, staring ahead through the grey dusk.

"You'll know more about me soon," she said.

SHE drove steadily and turned without a word up the little slope to the Stokes' house. If Muriel wasn't in—— She stopped in front of the house, well away from the driveway.

"I've a package to drop off for a girl here," she said.

"Delivering dope, no doubt," he said gloomily.

Muriel was at home. Janice lost no time. One need not, with Muriel. Her blue eyes grew intent, bright with intelligence, at Janice's first words. Her hand strayed to her curly hair.

"I've an ensign out in the car—the cutest thing—Bill Drake," Janice said. "But I must shake him. Another date. I'll give him to you for the use of your car this evening."

"An ensign, sugar?" Muriel said.

"Seagoing. Murmansk. Serious-minded, but big brown eyes and——" Janice broke off. Muriel was sold.

"Go out in half an hour and tell him I've been called away," she said. "Don't let him get too chilly out there."

"You do do the queerest——"

"Want him?"

"The keys are in the car and the car's in the garage, sugar," Muriel said quickly. "I'll be glad to help you out. Does he like dance——"

"Only no information about me or any of our friends he mentions," Janice cut in. "I'm doing him dirt. Talk about yourself."

She hurried from the warm house to the cold garage. Softly she opened the doors. The radiator of Muriel's coupe was hot to the touch. She backed, swung, and hummed down the driveway. Curving in the road, the coupe skittered. She controlled its slide and drove away with head bent and shoulders hunched.

These seagoing ensigns had good eyes—brown ones, sober, and yet—— As long as she could see in the rear-vision mirror he didn't get out of her car.

Continued from page 5

"He did ask for it," she said, and headed homeward. She parked Muriel's coupe in the driveway of an empty house a few doors from her own. It would save talking. She walked around to the back of her house. By now her footprints were completely snowed over. The trail was lost.

The letdown after this notable victory was terrific. The house was drab and dinner was difficult. Mum was anxious and fluttery about her, suspecting a cold was coming on. Dad looked at her speculatively, with an intensity that reminded her of Bill Drake. Nonsense!

By now Muriel would have him dancing. He'd look ridiculous playing up to that blonde. Dash these blondes, the helpless ones and the ones that helped themselves!

At nine o'clock the telephone rang. It was Claire. She was frantic, almost hysterical, in a whispering sort of way.

"He's here—that ensign," Claire said. "Why did you let him kiss me? Oh——" Her voice nearly slid off into tears.

"So!" said Janice. "He is, is he?" What was so tearful about that? "Outside or inside?"

"He's upstairs on the sleeping porch. I don't know how he got up there—and John's home and he—he's been so lovely to me. If—if John should find out—— I—I threatened to shoot him with John's pistol, and he only said he hoped I wouldn't. Janice, you must help me somehow! You must!"

"You couldn't stop me," said Janice. "Listen, Claire. Unlock your back door. Then go back to John, but for Pete's sake don't be too nice to him. Keep him interested."

"But how will——"

"I'll handle it." Janice hung up.

This was a back-door job, without benefit of parents. The snow had stopped and big stars were bright eyes upon her.

Quickly she cut through to the Appleyard house. The kitchen door was unlocked. With caution, it was noiseless. But John's voice, from the living-room, complained of a draught.

She slipped up the back stairs. The sleeping porch was outside the main bedroom on the south side of the house. Janice peered through the glass door to the covered sleeping porch. There he was, with his hands dug deep in the pockets of his bridge coat, standing on one leg and waving the other about for warmth. He stopped instantly when Janice opened the door.

"I thought you'd turn up," he said. He didn't move.

"You must go," Janice said coldly. "At once!"

"I'll go peacefully if you'll promise not to run away again."

"I wouldn't think of running away," Janice said. "I've a few things to say to you."

"Right," he said. He flung a leg over the railing. "Meet you behind the house."

"No!" said Janice. "Not that way! You might break a leg and rouse the house. This way!"

He didn't argue. He kicked the snow off his feet and followed her into the bedroom. "Now it's burglary," he said. "Nice girl."

"Hush!"

Janice was breathless. She closed the door to the porch with great care. In the hall she paused. Below, Lieutenant Appleyard was sneezing.

"I tell you there is a draught!" he complained. "Right on the back of my neck! Something's open!"

"Quickly," Janice whispered. She led the way to the back stairs. He followed her with footfalls no heavier than her own. In the kitchen, close to the sink, within ten feet of freedom, her foot struck a milk bottle. It toppled with a noise like thunder. Bill Drake bent and caught it up. They froze.

"What's that?" Lieutenant Appleyard cried from the other end of the hall. "Draughts, noises—what's got into this house to-night?"

"Maybe—maybe it's burglars!" Claire said wildly.

That girl!

Bill Drake grunted softly, as if hit in the stomach.

"Burg—— Where's that pistol of —— Where's my gun?" Appleyard said. "Here! Let's have that! What's the matter with you, Claire?"

"Don't, John!" Claire cried. "Don't go!"

Footsteps. Janice took a panicky stride toward the door. Bill's grip on her arm stopped her. He had opened another door at random. It was the cellar door.

"Not out against that white background," Bill whispered. "Behind this door."

He had swung the cellar door wide. And now, with a sudden movement, he tossed the milk bottle down into the cellar. It burst on the cement floor with the sound of all the bombs in the war. Janice cowered behind the door. Bill's body, tensed for movement, pressed her back.

John Appleyard, with a pistol in one hand and a flashlight in the other, plunged into the kitchen. He saw the open cellar door and charged at it, pistol levelled. "Come up, you——" His gun roared menace.

Before he was down two steps, Bill Drake slammed the door shut on him. He turned the key.

"Now scram," he murmured, and propelled her ahead of him toward the back door. John's voice followed them.

Never was cold air more welcome. They ran like greyhounds; they moved like fighter planes taking off from a smooth field. Finally, two blocks away, Bill Drake dragged her to a walk.

"No bullet could stand that pace," he said. "Well, the night's still young. Do we stick up a joint now or snatch a millionaire's child?"

Janice didn't answer. She didn't have any answers. But she led the way blindly back to Muriel's coupe.

"Hot car?" he asked.

"No!" She unlocked the door and scrambled in.

"It wouldn't matter," he said, following. "I'm a changed man. It seems years since I was a simple naval officer, leading a blameless life."

"You've got to keep on changing," Janice said. "You've got to let Claire alone."

He put a hand over hers as she started to turn on the ignition.

"I'll give you a clue," he said. "I never did like vanilla sundaes."

This was gibberish. Or was it? She turned toward him. Light reflected from the snow showed her his face, grave and quiet, close to hers.

"You mean you aren't in love with Claire," she said.

"I knew from the start I was kissing the wrong girl."

"You didn't kiss her as if you knew that!" she flared.

"Wrong!" he said, and reached swiftly for her. His competent arms slipped around her and drew her close. He kissed, and he proved his point.

She struggled out of his arms and struck him with all her might. Her palm stung.

He shook his head. "It's no use, Janice," he said soberly. "I know it's sudden and absurd. But this is it for me. You can't drive me away or hide from me—not unless you want to in your heart."

She touched his face gently with her stinging hand. "I—I don't think I want to, Bill, but—you'll be going, anyhow."

"Yes," he said. "Soon. But I know now what I want to come back to." He laughed softly. "I'm going to enjoy the Murmansk run."

"Enjoy it?"

"Every time a hunk of TNT goes into action, it'll remind me of you."

"I'll try to be with you, Bill. And I'll be here when you come back, too."

(Copyright)

Animal Antics

"Six sisters! There ain't no justice!"

Stories that represent the first articulate voice of the real Australia . . . from the pen of a man who loved every inch of his country.

Sunday 2GB 7.13 p.m.

Radio's finest dance band caters for modern music-lovers

Musical offerings interspersed with comedy and the setting an imaginary Cabaret, "RHYTHM INN" . . . Brian Lawrence, Jack Burgess, John Tate, Kitty Bluett, Terry Howard, Peggy Brooks.

WED. 2GB 8 P.M.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4728003

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ THE YOUNG MR. PITT

A COSTLY production, superbly directed by Carol Reed, and sensitively acted by an impressive and capable cast.

The story deals with the political career of William Pitt, jun., who was Prime Minister of England at the age of 24. Although sometimes slow moving and overlong in unfolding (the film runs about two hours), the historical events of that era are so engrossing that the interest rarely flags.

In the title role, Robert Donat, while sometimes lacking in complete sincerity, does a masterly job, but the acting honors unquestionably go to Robert Morley as Charles James Fox, Pitt's political rival.

Raymond Lovell and John Mills contribute excellent characterisations, and Phyllis Calvert is charming as Pitt's true love, although she has comparatively little to do.—Embassy; showing.

★★★ SO PROUDLY WE HAIL

PARAMOUNT'S memorable film glorifying the American Red Cross gives enthralling glimpses of the war-front nurse and her heroism under fire.

The film features Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake as U.S. nurses caught in the battle of the Philippines, and shows their reactions, adventures and loves. Claudette turns in an exquisite performance matched by some smart acting from Paulette in a warmly human and vivacious role, and some dramatic moments from Veronica, whose role, although shorter, offers tremendous scope.

The men's parts are definitely secondary in this story, but newcomer Sonny Tufts as the dumb marine in love with Paulette proves to be a sensational new screen find, and even in such aristocratic company steals the scene every time he's on.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ A LADY TAKES A CHANCE

WHILE not quite up to Jean Arthur's standard, this comedy provides light-hearted entertainment, and a few hilarious sequences that are well worth your money.

The story is set in the pre-war days, and Miss Arthur, a slightly addle-pated but very fetching New York stenographer, sets out on a fourteen-day bus jaunt to the west, in order to seek romance.

On the uncomfortable bus our heroine is beset by a series of unfortunate situations before finally meeting romance in the form of tough cowboy John Wayne.

The story is by no means brilliant or original, and the dialogue lacks sparkle, but there is plenty of horseplay, which has an amusing quality.—Empire; showing.

★★ SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS

THIS tangled and flimsy melodrama just manages to scrape into the two-star class, because of a certain *slickness* of presentation and a very attractive cast.

The story, which is strictly in the Cinderella category, relates to the elaborate fraud of a poor little shopgirl (Lana Turner), pretending to be an heiress who was kidnapped as a child. Thus curvaceous Lana gets ample opportunity to be glamorous, which seems to be the main idea of the film.

Robert Young does as well as possible with a dull role, but seems to be slightly bewildered by the whole setup. And what a pity to waste such fine artists as Dame May Whitty, Walter Brennan, and Eugene Pallette in static minor roles.—St. James; showing.

★ SALUTE FOR THREE

IF this unimportant little farce had capitalised on its catchy songs, it might have become an entertaining musical, instead of which it turns on the heavy drama and falls to pieces badly.

Heroine Betty Rhodes makes an attractive radio singer, but is badly handicapped by a stereotyped role. Macdonald Carey, in spite of his definite acting ability, fails to make the war hero a convincing character.

Cliff Edwards struggles manfully with some dreary comedy, and Dona Drake dances and leads an all-girl band.

Worst fault of the film is that static patriotic flourish at the end, which falls so exactly into the familiar pattern. — Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Famous screen pair live simple life

By cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

I have just met the most delightfully old-fashioned couple in Mayfair—and surprisingly enough they are the stage and screen star Ralph Richardson and his actress wife Meriel Forbes, who have been secretly married for some time.

THIS charming couple have few reticences, and gave me an astonishing glimpse of domestic bliss that seemed to contradict every preconceived idea of romance in the film colony.

My first surprise was the discovery of Ralph's mid-Victorian ideas. He hates women to drink or smoke or use nail varnish, and doesn't approve of make-up or dyed hair, and has very conservative taste in frocking. His wife, who is a fair-haired, blue-eyed, slim English beauty, with spontaneous gaiety and youthfulness far more refreshing than a bucketful of oomph, is his ideal woman.

She told me she wouldn't like her husband to be otherwise, and, except for a cocktail before dinner, she has given up all the things he dislikes.

Ralph chooses all his wife's clothes, and when I met them Meriel was looking extremely smart in an immaculately tailored black tweed suit.

Ralph Richardson is now a lieutenant-commander in the Fleet Air Arm, and painting is his favorite hobby.

Their Mayfair house is charming. It is furnished in autumnal tints. Ralph's study is as untidy as his mind is tidy. In one corner I noticed a very fine painting of Laurence Olivier.

Meriel said: "Laurence and Vivien Leigh are our closest friends. They were the only couple who knew we were married, and they kept our secret wonderfully. We spend all Ralph's leave with them at their country house.

"Ralph and Larry are very old friends, and although Vivien manages with only one maid, she is a perfect housekeeper, and has a real gift for entertaining. The intimacy of these week-ends has been a real joy to all of us. Of course Larry and Ralph talk 'shop' all the time—Fleet Air Arm, films or scripts—while Vivien and I play bezique."

Hate at first sight

MERIEL first met Ralph in 1936 when they were both playing in "The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse."

"We hated each other on sight," Meriel told me. "I had peroxided hair, which he loathed, and I resented his unspoken criticism. It was only when we got to know each other that the deep friendship, which started our romance, was developed. I am Ralph's second wife; he was previously married to a lovely young actress who was an invalid for many years before she died."

"War doesn't leave much time for hobbies," said Mrs. Richardson, "but I'm very fond of music, and while I am most tolerant of Ralph and his painting, he goes up to his study and shuts the door while I am at the piano. We play chess and are equally bad, and now we've bought a tandem and go cycling over country roads when we can get away."

Wings To Beat

Continued from page 7

"THEY let that go," said Rogers. "It was the original chapel. They built a larger one later, and put an organ in it."

"I must give the place a look-in one day," said Don. "Are visitors welcome?"

"As far as I know. Yes, of course they are. They're very proud of their dump. They've got some treasures there—paintings and carvings; real art—and one of the monks is a superb musician, I believe. Father Sebastian. He can make an organ talk and weep, and they broadcast his recitals from the monastery. You must have heard them."

"I wouldn't know an organ from a piccolo."

"They don't play the piccolo in a church," explained Rogers, grinning. "You'll find that out one day unless you're really headed for a monastery." And then he made an innocent remark sound strangely significant. He said, "Owens was over there often."

Don looked at him sharply. "What of it?"

"He and Dutchy were frequent visitors," Rogers said, and his face was now blank. "They didn't go together, but separately. Owens went for the music. I've seen him return drugged and enchanted. Dutchy likes the music, too, but he goes to rave over the paintings, so he's told me. Dutchy is a bit of an artist. There's something of interest for everybody there, Dutchy finds it in canvas."

Don was looking at him oddly. "Canvas," he murmured. "Strips of canvas. I wonder."

Rogers said, staring, "What do you wonder?"

"Nothing—nothing. Such things can't be."

He made no attempt to explain, and after a moment Rogers said, "All right, I'll let it pass. A touch of mystery in anything is piquant, I think. I was looking for something mysterious in Owens' death."

"Were you?" asked Don softly. "Did you find it?"

"Not even a breath of it. To my mind it was just a simple case of emotion running hot. No guard did it."

Don gave him a keen look. "Then who did?"

"I won't mind if you laugh," said Rogers calmly, "my theory's as good as the next. Here you have an Air Force station—not a military camp with a lot of stolid and brawny young fellows learning how to toss a dummy around on the end of a bayonet. The trainees are hand-picked, well educated, highly strung. Anyone who gets scrubbed hits the bitter depths. He feels bitter and revengeful. He's blind with an unreasonable hate."

DON said dryly, "I could shoot your theory full of holes. Owens was patient and sympathetic. He wouldn't arouse murderous impulses in any over-sensitive, disappointed trainee. If the trainee wasn't making the grade, shooting Owens wouldn't help."

"You've missed my point——"

"All right. The trainee would have to smuggle in a service rifle and keep it hidden somewhere. That suggests a cold, calculating mind—not a hot, frenzied one."

Rogers grinned amiably. "All right, let's have your theory," he suggested.

"I haven't one."

For a fleeting second Rogers looked disappointed. Then suddenly he was standing. An orderly was at the door clicking his heels.

"Detective-Sergeant Bloom wants to see you, sir," he announced to Don.

. . . . . .

Don said: "We were grouped in a sort of triangle, with Owens facing Squadron-Leader O'Daniel and myself. I remember Owens was looking slightly towards the aircraft park, because I was studying his profile in an idle sort of way. There was a flare behind him, you see. He had an interesting profile because of a broken nose——"

"A broken nose? Say, was he an aggressive sort?"

"Anything but! He had a crash once and flattened his face against the cockpit."

"I see!" Bloom grinned. "I've got to ask questions. Owens was pictured to me as more or less of a saint. When you mentioned a broken nose I saw a different picture. But now I'll fade that out and get back to the original portrait."

Don said, frowning, "There's something at the back of all this, and I don't think you'll find it searching the guards."

Bloom looked surprised. "Your C.O. said——"

"Yes, I know. The theory is general. There are others going around—some more startling and some just plain ridiculous. I haven't a theory at all. All I've got is a cold shiver up my spine."

"Let's analyse the shiver," suggested Bloom. "I've solved a mystery on a worse start 'n that. You'd be surprised what you can build up on less 'n nothing. Now this feeling——"

"It's just a shiver, and that's all there is to it. I got it strong last night out there on the flying field. It left me with the feeling that something evil was afoot."

Bloom frowned and rubbed his nose. He was looking at Don doubtfully now, and Don suddenly felt silly and imaginative. He said briefly, "Let it pass."

Bloom said: "You must have got a pretty bad shock." He didn't want a simple case to become involved with a lot of foolish notions. He said, like one encouraging a child, "Next time it won't come so violent to you."

Don smiled with his eyes, but he said sombrely, "That's what I'm hoping."

Bloom nodded indulgently, and suddenly stared. "What do you mean, anyway?"

"Just that."

"Uh-hum," said Bloom, and gave Don an uneasy smile. He suspected hysteria, but found nothing else about Don that would support the suspicion. Don didn't look capable of imagining terrors and horrors.

He was sober when he said, "So you think you might be the next?"

"I wouldn't be sure of the order," grinned Don.

"Why are you so sure there is an order?"

Don shrugged. "Don't ask me."

Bloom exploded helplessly. "Give us a break. You'll have to thaw out some time——"

"I was telling you about the shot. Owens' head was turned slightly to the right—towards the aircraft park. Yet the bullet struck him in the left side of the neck. I had a look at Owens later on, you see, and was startled to see the wound where it was. It meant, of course, that the shot was not fired from the park, but from a point on the tarmac opposite or to the left."

Bloom said grimly, "I've got an idea you know still more and you're holding out on me."

"That's all I know."

"You've made a mystery——"

"I haven't. I've told a simple story of the facts and my impressions. You do the rest."

"That's so. I do the rest."

He slumped back in his chair, frowning.

"Surely there's one little thing—"

Don hesitated. "Well, perhaps there is. But don't accuse me of being mysterious when I tell you."

Bloom straightened up with hope. "Out with it."

"Find out why Owens visited the monastery and came home drunk—"

"Drunk?" Bloom looked startled. "——Intoxicated with music. I don't know whether it really has any bearing on the case, but it struck me as strange because Owens was like a dog where music was concerned—he'd lift up his head and howl almost. He couldn't stand music of any sort."

Bloom sighed. He was almost reproachful.

"If that is all you can give me I'll have to get busy myself." He added helplessly, "And looking for a killer among a thousand men on an Air Force station is going to be some job, too."

His blue eyes were no longer shrewd, but shadowed and perplexed. Don opened his mouth to say something further and then closed it. Dutchy was at the door, obviously excited. He saluted Don, but spoke to Bloom.

"I've just found something important. They told me you were here, so I've brought it along. I found it near the trainees' mess. Look——"

He opened his hand. In his palm lay the shell of a 303 round. It was new, its brass bright.

To be continued

New features in Sunday radio entertainment

Two new sessions are featured in the Sunday afternoon programmes from station 2GB.

They are "Calling All Women" and "Tales of a Connoisseur."

"Calling All Women" is presented every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. by Miss Dymphna Cusack, well-known novelist and playwright.

Miss Cusack's session is interesting and provocative. She speaks of women's rights in the modern world, of the effect of war on women's interests and activities, and the question of equal pay for equal work.

She says that there is still a section of people who believe that women can do without many things—education, reasonable leisure, social life, domestic conveniences.

Women, she claims, have less chance of developing their lives and personalities fully than have men; and that is why, she believes, a new social order is even more important to women than to men.

"Tales of a Connoisseur," which, at 3.45 p.m., follows "Calling All Women," will interest people who have a knowledge and love of antiques and art treasures, as well as those who are discovering the fascination of such things.

It tells the history of works of art and antiques, and recounts stories with which such articles are associated.

For instance, a piece of Derby porcelain may bring a reminder of an amusing scandal of the Georgian era; or a Chinese treasure may recall the colorful history of the palaces of Peking.

"Promenade Concert" is another addition to the daytime features heard from 2 to 3 on Sunday afternoons.

Radio experience has shown that one thing listeners appreciate on a Sunday afternoon is uninterrupted music, and "Promenade Concert" will supply that need.

It features numbers by a wide range of composers, including Strauss, Gershwin, Coates, Beethoven, Liszt, Handel, and Wagner.

"Choirs of the World," at 8.30 a.m. on Sunday, presents favorite songs by choirs and orchestras.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, February 23: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, February 24 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, February 25: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, February 26: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, February 27 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, February 28: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, February 29: "Musical Alphabet."

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On and Off Duty.

LARGE iced birthday cake with one candle at the Merchant Navy Club in Elizabeth Street to celebrate club's first birthday.

Cake which is on display through the day is cut at afternoon tea time, and each merchant seaman and voluntary helper in the club receives a piece.

Mrs. Keith Martin, Mrs. Alan Potter, Lady Gordon, Mrs. W. P. Dunlop, and Helen Williams among committee members present for the cutting of the cake.

• • •

NEW GUINEA atmosphere at Arrows Club for their "Kitoto Dance," which means "The Dance of Happiness."

Palm leaves, grass skirts, and posters of soldier life add to atmosphere.

Pte. Harry Backhouse, serving with the A.I.F., sends down poem, which is read by hostess Marie Ward, and Julie Thornton sings "Fuzzy-Wuzzy Angels."

• • •

MARRIAGE at St. Mary's, Concord, for Captain John Thomas Quinn, A.I.F., and Mildred Mary Wallace, while bridegroom is on leave.

Bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wallace, of Strathfield, and bridegroom is the fourth son of the late Mr. Michael Quinn, and of Mrs. H. J. Quinn, of Strathfield.

• • •

MRS. BOB LINDEMAN, pretty Canadian wife of Flight-Lieutenant Bob Lindeman, has gone to Grafton to visit her husband's parents.

Mrs. Lindeman, who was formerly Mary Hurry, of Edmonton, Canada, was married there while her husband was at R.A.A.F. training camp.

After their marriage he served with a torpedo-bomber unit in England, and she did not see him until last November, when he passed through on his way to Australia.

• • •

ELIZABETH LOUISE, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Van Wouwe, of Fivedock, and Sub-Lieut. Alan George Frean, R.A.N.V.R., younger son of Mrs. E. L. Frean, of Mont Albert, Victoria, and the late Mr. G. S. Frean, are married at St. Philip's.

ENROLLING at Y.W.C.A. for classes which begin next week are (from left) Peg Davidson, Lorraine MacDonald, and Wran M. I. Partrige.

SIGHTSEEING. American Red Cross worker Joan Cornforth, of Nebraska, takes charge of sight-seeing bus which makes tour of Sydney with American servicemen on leave as passengers.

COUNTRY BRIDE. Flight-Lieutenant Beresford Moody and his bride, formerly Alice Scott, second daughter of Mrs. J. Scott, of Cootamundra, leave St. Mark's after their wedding.

CONGRATULATIONS to Captain N. W. Caldwell, A.I.F., and his wife, on the birth of their daughter, Jean Elizabeth, at St. Luke's.

Mrs. Caldwell was formerly attached to Point Piper V.A. Detachment, and her husband is at present at northern battle station.

• • •

FOR her wedding in Orange to LAC Russell Alfred McWilliam, R.A.A.F., Barbara Lindsay Knight, W.A.A.A.F., chooses cream brocaded satin.

Bride is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Knight, of Orange, and bridegroom is third son of the late Mr. W. O. McWilliam and of Mrs. I. McWilliam, of Coonamble.

WEDDING TOAST. Lieutenant Dermot Joyce, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Flying-Officer May Tonge, a physiotherapist in the R.A.A.F., toast one another at their wedding reception at Usher's Hotel.

W.R.A.N.S. FIELD DAY. Mrs. G. Muirhead-Gould (left), Mrs. Dundas Allen, and James, John, and Andrew Muirhead-Gould have tea on the lawn at the W.R.A.N.S. sports at Rushcutters Bay Oval.

NEW RED CROSS HOME. Relaxing in the gardens of the new Eva Hordern Red Cross Home, to be opened by Lady Wakehurst on March 11: Pte. Meg Malone, A.W.A.S., Corporal Val Jones, A.W.A.S., and Pte. Dorothy Hall, A.W.A.S.

Digger's praise for "Sister Kit"

JIM McLEAY, of Camden, a Digger who served with the Ninth Division in the Middle East, writes to us as follows about Sister Catherine Neale, A.I.F., whose photo appeared in our January 29 issue, when she married Major Douglas Sturrock, A.A.M.C., A.I.F.:

"My small daughter has just brought me your paper with: 'Would this be your Sister Neale, Daddy?' It was.

"Many a Digger of the Ninth will be pleased to see the wedding picture of their beloved 'Sister Kit.' She was in charge of a ward at the 106th A.G.H. at Gaza, and many a man owed his sanity to this wonderful girl. It was no unusual sight to see many of the walking wounded drawn to any ward in her charge.

"There was not a man who was not better for her influence. One chap once said, 'I know why we love her particularly above the rest—she's a bit of bottled-up Australia.' He wrote poetry, that chap."

Interesting People

MR. R. G. CLARKE

. . . added responsibility

ADDITIONAL patriotic responsibilities undertaken by Mr. R. G. Clarke, Chief Warden, City of Sydney National Emergency Services, with his recent appointment as vice-chairman and executive member, Revenue Committee, Australian Comforts Fund, N.S.W. Division. New duties mainly administrative, in connection with organising State-wide appeals for funds.

NURSE AUDREY LEWIS

. . . champion badge-seller

HIGHEST individual sale of badges on Red Cross Day in Sydney for 12 years in succession is proud record of Nurse Audrey Lewis. On recent "Day" sold badge for £1000. Last year also topped list for Australian Comforts Fund, China, Russia, Tin Hat, and Poppy Days, Legacy Orphans, and Hospital Days. Is honorary speaker on War Loan Campaign. Often gets 100 per cent. response. At present is nursing at Malahide Red Cross Hospital, Pennant Hills.

MR. M. GILES

. . . Mayor of Westminster

RECENTLY elected Mayor of Westminster, London, Mr. Maurice Giles is a native of South Australia. After serving in last war he relinquished his Australian property, and has since resided in Westminster, which was created a city by Royal Charter in 1900. It includes such historic buildings as the Abbey, Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Whitehall.

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Color-bright frocks to lift your spirits

● Excellent way to use up three odd contrasting scraps of soft woollen. Two odd pieces used for the top, joined on below the waist to a softly draped skirt.

● Tailored wool dress relying on heavy welted seamings for individuality and character.

● Cherry-red fine woollen for a tailored shirtmaker type of dress, which may or may not be worn with a tiny starched white pique or linen dickie with two bows at the neck.

● Dress that looks like a pinafore frock but really has sleeves of contrasting material joined on to bodice raglan wise—a front fly closing, fastening with self-covered buttons.

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LAST NIGHT I WAS OUT OF SORTS

TO-DAY I FEEL FINE!

Beecham's Pills are the ideal remedy for a disordered stomach or liverishness, the sure preventive of constipation and all its kindred ills, the happy solution to the problem of sound and regular healthy sleep.

Purely vegetable

Beecham's Pills

1/- and 2/6 per box

Worth a Guinea a Box

Importance of being casual

TAPERED SLACKS and waistcoat in a neutral tone, worn with a gay miniature plaid cotton shirt to give accent and color. An ideal suit for relaxing at week-ends or on holidays.

OUTSIZE plaid in gold, brown, red, and green forms the full skirt of this simple jersey frock with brown top, fitting with a draped waistline.

POCKETS attached to the ends of a plaid scarf give this casual beige wool dress an air. Make them out of any piece of toning material.

DEEP SLOT POCKETS are smart carry-alls in this rosy-red jersey demi-dirndl skirt, trimmed top and bottom with bands of vivid embroidery. The matching jersey shirt has push-up sleeves.

CASUAL clothes are away ahead in the dress race these days. But being casual doesn't mean being careless.

When you are casual you must be almost painfully correct. Why? Well, because you get less reflected glamor from a simple slack suit or skirt and jacket than from formal, screwy hats and flatteringly draped frocks.

Your dear friends don't cease to criticise just because your date happens to be a picnic, a shopping expedition, or a morning visit instead of a smart cocktail "do."

So when you are getting together your autumn wardrobe just give an extra thought or two to your "casuals."

For instance, remember these times are depressing, therefore be gay—and smart—by combining with the sensible browns, blues, greys, and beiges of your skirts or slacks crazily gay plaids. Plain and plaid is the thing.

Alternatively add gay embroidery trim to plain frocks.

Perhaps, miraculously, you had in pre-war days a flowing plaid evening frock. Well, how about making a blouse to go with either slack suit or skirt? Here's another notion. What about a golf jacket, with plain body, and plaid revers and sleeves.

And a word about pockets—always of first-class importance. They have more than mere ornamental value in your casual turnout. Going shopping? Right—what a relief to have no purse to carry. Instead, tuck it securely into one of two pockets hanging from your belt. Make the pocket-belt in a serviceable color, and then you can wear it on a variety of frocks.

"Lustre-of course!"

When girls get together, their remarks are pretty candid, but they're unanimous about Lustre rayon stockings. They look well, wear well and, considering the times, Lustre gives the best possible value for money and coupons.

Lustre

Actual photograph Lustre stockings

FINE QUALITY LINGERIE AND STOCKINGS

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

If you feel ill, consult your Doctor; but remember most Practitioners are over-worked just now.

For most minor ailments there are many reputable Proprietary Medicines:—

For example . . .

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

FOR COUGHS & COLDS.

W. G. HEARNE & CO., Pty., Ltd., Geelong.

Elasto

Take it—

and Stop Limping

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force.

PRICE: 7/6 for one month's supply.

ELASTO, BOX 1552E, SYDNEY

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YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH

DOES your little girl complain often of headache? Find out the cause. Faulty vision may be at the root of the trouble.

● If the teacher said your child was backward or disobedient, what would you do—scold the youngster or seek the cause? . . . Read what Medico says about a health check, about strength-building food, and dress.

By MEDICO

COMPANIONSHIP is good for children. Don't keep any of your little ones tied always to your apron strings.

THE LITTLE GIRL pictured above is radiantly healthy. Therefore she is bright and intelligent, and not disobedient or backward at school.

JIMMY and Johnny, Betty and June are back at school. You probably spent hours over their clothes, and somehow or other managed to get their books.

I wonder if you have checked their health? Now is the time for the annual health inspection. If there are any troubles they can be attended to before the children get too far into the school year.

Have their eyes and ears tested, pay a visit to the dentist, and have their tonsils and adenoids examined by a doctor.

Faulty vision drawback

IT'S a pity that a child should be a failure at school because of faulty vision. Have an examination by a medical eye specialist. Wearing glasses for a few years is better than a lifetime of misery.

The child who cannot hear his teacher clearly is at a disadvantage, too. The sad part about it is that both the child and the parents are sometimes unaware of the eye or ear trouble. The child is said to be disobedient or even backward, when actually he could be bright and intelligent.

If a child spends much of his school year at home with colds, a nose and throat examination may reveal a defect.

And when poor Johnny gets everything that's going don't shrug and think you have to make the best of it. That's the old-fashioned idea.

Be modern and build up his strength and resistance with the good nourishing foods his body needs.

He requires 1½ pints of milk a day. In the teen ages the need is a quart.

He should be given oatmeal or wheatmeal porridge for breakfast.

He requires cheese, fresh fruit, and salad vegetables.

The meat ration is adequate provided his milk-needs are satisfied.

Go lightly on sugar, jam, honey, biscuits, and cakes.

With a little care most of the "childhood complaints" can be avoided. The rest are best put off as long as possible. There are very few of these "childhood complaints" that could not leave after-effects in the shape of ear, eye, or heart conditions.

Of course diphtheria should be a thing of the past; wise parents will have their children immunised between the ages of six and 12 months.

If your child has not been immunised, have this precaution taken immediately. Have him immunised against whooping-cough, too.

Here is another suggestion. Dress the child in the same type of clothes as his playmates. It doesn't do for youngsters to feel different; it gives them a sense of inferiority and disturbs their social relations.

Busy time for gardeners

● Our Home Gardener tells you what to plant in flower and vegetable garden.

GROW more hippeastrums. Their lovely trumpet-shaped blooms last a long time in early summer.

They can be retarded in growth by withholding water, too, thus making them bloom over a long period in summer. They do well in pots, but the soil should be fibrous and well drained. Hippeastrums do best in pots if three or four bulbs are planted together so that they do not have too much room.

When grown in pots they require to be left alone for at least two years, hence the necessity for making the soil richer and stronger than when they are grown in open beds.

Sow seeds of snapdragons, lupins, mignonette, linaria, nigella, godetia, Iceland poppies, and set out claws of ranunculus this month. Seed of ranunculus germinates best when sown in March.

Where tulips flourish

FOR cool climates of the Commonwealth, tulips are ideal subjects. They like lime, and do particularly well where the soil is of limestone formation. They may be planted up to the end of March in Victoria, the cool parts of South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania, also the highlands and tablelands of New South Wales.

Tulips rarely flower on the coastal parts of New South Wales, or in Sydney. They are real hillbillies in this State.

The first sowings of broad beans can be made this month in coastal New South Wales, and most of the southern parts of the Commonwealth. Successive sowings of cauliflower, cabbage, silver beet, broccoli, kale, and lettuce should be made to assure an endless supply.

Carrots, parsnips, beets, swedes, and turnips can be sown throughout the Commonwealth this month.

MAKE YOUR OWN GLOVES

THIS EASY HOME CRAFT PAYS QUICK DIVIDENDS

Make your own gloves—make gloves for us, too, and earn extra money. Gloves can no longer be imported—but you can make gloves equal to these—for summer and winter wear—for the boys and girls in the SERVICES—for school wear, in fact—gloves for every occasion. No experience needed—we show how, and supply FREE working outfit, including material (no coupons required). Packing boxes are supplied, and we pay all forwarding charges. Join in with others. SPECIAL POSTAL COURSE for out-of-town folk. Start right away. Write now for FREE Illustrated Booklet on this profitable Craft, also our MARKETING BOND and Special Offer (a limited number only).

LA PAULA ART ACADEMY

Dept. H, CULWULLA CHAMBERS, 67 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Also Box 2262U, G.P.O., Melbourne, and Box 1160, G.P.O., Wellington, N.Z.

Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS

A purely herbal remedy for all sufferers from Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder troubles, and High Blood Pressure. Will cleanse the blood stream; improve the circulation, and tone up the system.

All chemists and stores sell Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

LARGE FLASKS: 6/6 SMALL FLASKS: 3/6

(With Free Diet Chart)

M81

...and Back to the Good Times.

"I will have to look my very best when he comes home . . . life is going to mean so very much to both of us. That is why I want to stay attractive and charming."

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapade

THE THOROUGHBRED OF LIPSTICKS

TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF

The popular choice!

TURF

10 for 10d. 20 for 1/8

Don't spend—LEND
Buy £10 National Savings Bonds

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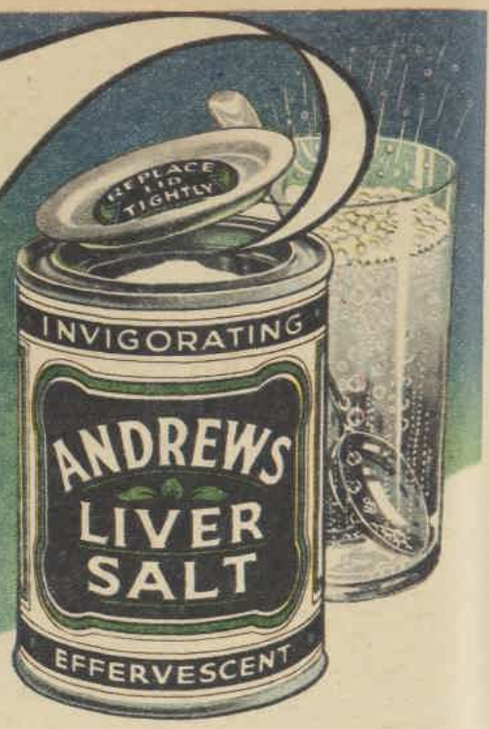
Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness is important too!



LOOKING for radiant health and fresh clear beauty? Then look first to Inner Cleanliness, for, until you have gently but thoroughly cleared all impurities from your system, you'll experience neither true physical fitness and vigour nor a clear fresh complexion — both the result of complete Inner Cleanliness. Andrews is the only sparkling health drink that will give you all this and more . . .

FIRST . . . **Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.**

NEXT . . . **Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.**

THEN . . . **Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.**

FINALLY . . . **To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, sweeps away trouble-making poisons and corrects constipation naturally and thoroughly.**

As a result of its thorough action on all the organs of digestion, Andrews tones up the entire system besides correcting that serious disorder—constipation. You'll know what it is to feel really fit when you make Andrews your daily Inner Cleanliness rule.

Because it is safe and gentle, Andrews is as good for children as for adults. Andrews is surprisingly economical to use. Don't delay—get your supply NOW.

For *Inner Cleanliness* be regular with your

ANDREWS

LIVER SALT

The Pleasant Effervescing Tonic Laxative

HANDY SIZE 1/8
FAMILY SIZE 2/9

Should you find any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please bear in mind the urgent needs of our fighting men must come first.

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A HAPPY little family group . . . Isn't brother Mervyn proud of his little sister? Instincts of tender protectiveness are born in an elder brother when a tiny baby sister arrives home!

AT FOUR WEEKS, Fay Lorraine Morgan poses for our cameraman. Adorable, isn't she?

FAY ENJOYING the freedom of her little limbs! In the heat of trying days her mother wisely discards her babe's surplus clothes. Note rounded limbs, the intelligent eyes. The progress made by this babe will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

At home with our

NEW YEAR BABY

● How beautifully she grows! Here is a record of the 28 days' progress made by Fay Lorraine Morgan, born with an A1 health chart on January 1, 1944.

CHOSEN as a perfect specimen of babyhood, Fay Lorraine Morgan was introduced to you when a few hours old.

Her environment then was a busy hospital ward in the Crown Street Women's Hospital.

Now she is thriving in the happy atmosphere of her home surroundings.

Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, has twice visited baby Fay and noted her progress and development for the benefit of mothers everywhere.

"Her gain of 1lb., 6½oz.—nearly 23oz. in 28 days—is excellent," says Sister Mary Jacob. "A gain of 6-8oz. weekly for the first three months is a normal average gain, although some babies who make smaller gains than this thrive well, and are normal, healthy babes.

"Many mothers attach too much importance to weight alone, without considering other factors that make for good nutrition.

"Fay has grown another half-inch, and she was slightly over the average length at birth (20-21in.), so this is very satisfactory. A baby grows about seven to eight inches during the first year, being 28-29 inches in height at a year old.

"Our New Year baby's home environment is a very happy one. It should be realised by every mother that a baby's earliest environment is a physical one. Wise, loving, careful handling, with proper feeding, and a regular daily routine are needed to ensure good progress in the normal development of every babe.

"It is good to see Mrs. Morgan brimming over with joy and pride, and she says that her cup of joy will be full when her husband (who is in the A.I.F.) returns home to see his little daughter.

"Mrs. Morgan is taking Fay to the Parramatta Baby Health Centre, and is finding Sister Jackson, the sister-in-charge, a very good friend. She will check up on Fay's progress, and, if necessary, arrange for a 'testfeed,' but at present Fay, who is being fed as nature intended, is digesting her food perfectly, is sleeping most of her time, and doing all those things that a normal, healthy babe should do.

"She adores her bath; garbed in a vest she revels in the freedom of her limbs on sweltering days, enjoys her daily doses of sunshine. Brother Mervyn, as you can see by the picture, idolises his baby sister. They will be good companions."

FAY LORRAINE MORGAN Her Record	
Born	Jan. 1, 1944
Birth weight	7lb. 3oz.
Length	22 inches
Weight at 4 weeks (28 days)	8lb. 9½oz.
Length	22½ inches
Gain in weight	1lb. 6½oz.
Gain in length	½ inch

Furniture by Messrs. Bowman Bros., Ltd., London.

VANTONA household TEXTILES

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers, "Joyous Morn" Towels, "Blansheets," Cotton Blankets, Sheets and Quilts. Aren't you glad you bought them before things like these became so restricted? They will daily be proving their worth and will go on doing so until long after this war is over.

If you missed the opportunity of acquiring these delightful textiles for adorning and giving such splendid service in your bedrooms and bathroom, look forward in anticipation. They are well worth waiting for.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD. — VANTONA HOUSE PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Soothe that itch!

INSECT BITES

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona OINTMENT

1/6 A JAR

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

O.58.32

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS FOR YOUR DOG

1/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS

HE WANTS TO GROW UP LIKE DADDY

He's filled out so much lately, Daddy will scarcely know him for the same little boy he left at home. The credit for *that* belongs to Mummy. She knows how vitally important it is, in these days of recurring shortages, to guard against lack of essential food elements in a child's diet.

Horlicks provides these necessary food elements in correct balance. Horlicks is a complete food in itself. It contains up to 15% of first-class protein so important for building up sturdy young bodies.

Calcium . . . essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones . . . is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural sugars in Horlicks produce *extra* energy almost at once.

These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not overtax your child's digestion. Children look forward to their regular Horlicks every day. Its malty sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things. And mothers will find Horlicks economical in use. It is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country).

HORLICKS gives children extra energy.

For Your Emergency Store

Horlicks is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken hot or cold. Horlicks keeps indefinitely. Always replace lid firmly when not in use.

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"... After three months, Oslo Lunch children gained an average of over 7 lbs in weight ... more than twice as much as children on ordinary lunches."

This is the story of the famous

Oslo Lunch

OSLO 1932

Professor Schiotz designed special health meal of wholemeal bread, cheese, milk and fruit for under-nourished children. The meal improved their health so much it was served in *all* Norwegian schools before the war.

LONDON 1938

Oslo Lunch taken up by English nutrition experts. School children in London who had meal regularly gained 40-100 per cent more in weight and height than children on ordinary lunches.

MELBOURNE 1941

Further Oslo Lunch experiments were carried out at the Opportunity Clubs in Melbourne. The results were dramatic. After three months Oslo Lunch children gained an average of over 7 lbs. in weight ... more than twice as much as children on ordinary lunches. They had a better health standard, too.

THIS IS THE OSLO LUNCH

Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread, with 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, half a pint of milk, an orange, apple, or a serving of salad ingredients such as lettuce, tomato, celery, or shredded raw carrot or cabbage.

Could you wish for better proof? Here is the ideal lunch for your youngster. So easy to prepare. No cooking. Packed in a few minutes—but what a carefully planned and balanced meal!

The Oslo Lunch gives a full daily quota of "protective" food elements..its minerals and vitamins you and your family need for health and vitality. Put it in young Jimmy's satchel, Dad's bag, Joan's suitcase ... the OSLO LUNCH.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., as a contribution towards the building of a healthy nation, and in appreciation of the work of the Opportunity Clubs in introducing the Oslo Lunch to Australia.

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From one mixture

● Memorise simple quantities and basic methods and you'll save time, labor, and money in meal preparation. Go further, experiment, and see what delicious foods you can make from the one mixture.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

BOUQUETS to these four plates. The old - time scone mixture is the basis of each dish . . . fried knots served hot with jelly, savory pin-wheels with salad, currant rolls with home-made jam, and hot melon marmalade puffs. See recipes for these and others on this page.

SATISFYING THE APPETITE

FRUITS and vegetables, meats, milk, butter, eggs, and cheese contain food elements essential for health. There should be a daily service of each of these foods. It is not necessary, however, to satisfy the appetite with them.

Cereals, breads, and scones have a high satiety value as well as being energy foods. In menu making, supplement meat and vegetables with these satisfying foods.

NOW to be practical, I'm showing you what can be done with the basic scone recipe, and how slight alterations to ingredients, mixing, moulding, and baking can give dozens of sweet and savory variations to this mixture.

The basic outline for 20 hearty scones is as follows:—

Ingredients: One pound flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder (or use self-raising flour), ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, 1½ cups milk.

Method of Mixing: Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter, mix to a soft dough with milk, knead lightly, roll to ¾in. thickness, cut into shapes, place on floured tray, glaze with milk.

Baking is done in a very hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

For an average-size family this can be cut into half or quarter, amount depending on other foods on the same menu.

The mixture can be sweetened by the addition of 1oz. or more of brown or white sugar, or honey or syrup. Dried vine fruits can be added. Flavorings such as grated lemon rind, orange rind, or dried herbs can be added.

Spices may be sifted with the flour in quantities to taste. The milk may be reduced and one or more beaten eggs added.

The mixture may be moulded into small or large shapes, combined with various fillings or served with various sauces or in combination dishes.

Read and try out for yourself what has been done with the one basic mixure.

N.B.—All quantities are sufficient for four adults. A soft dough and hot oven are essential for each mixture.

SPICED SCONE TWIST

(Serve glazed with honey and warm from the oven)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, margarine, or good dripping, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 teaspoons (or less) spices, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts (if available), 1 teaspoon melted butter.

Sift flour, rub in fat, add sugar, and mix to a soft dough. Roll to an oblong sheet, brush with melted butter, and sprinkle with brown sugar, spices, lemon rind, and nuts (if available). Roll firmly and twist roll into a ring shape. Place on greased oven tray, slash top at regular intervals with sharp knife. Glaze with milk and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Brush with honey and serve freshly made.

FRIED KNOTS

(Serve wih honey, syrup, or jam sauce)

Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch nutmeg, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter or good dripping, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg with 1-3rd cup milk, or use ½ cup milk, omitting egg.

Sift the flour, nutmeg, and salt. Rub in fat, add sugar, and mix to a soft dough. Roll to a half-inch thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut into ¼in. strips about 5ins. long. Knot and deep-fry until browned both sides and cooked, about 3 minutes. Drain, sprinkle with sugar, serve at once.

CURRANT ROLLS

(Serve with apple or quince jelly)

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon sugar, or honey with a pinch of cinnamon, 3 tablespoons currants, 1 egg with 1-3rd cup milk, or use ½ cup milk without egg.

Sift flour, rub in butter and lemon rind. Add sugar or honey and prepared currants. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly. Roll to about 1-3rd inch thickness. Cut into rounds about 2½ins. Brush with milk, fold in two. Place on greased tray, brush tops with milk, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve freshly made.

MELON MARMALADE SCONES

(Serve hot and freshly made)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 3 teaspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ cup milk, 3 or 4 tablespoons melon marmalade.

Sift the flour and rub in the butter. Add the sugar and mix to a soft dough with the milk. Knead lightly, roll to ½in. thickness, and cut into rounds. Spread half the rounds with marmalade. Press remaining rounds on these. Glaze tops and place on greased tray. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Serve with more melon marmalade, if liked.

SAVORY RING PIE

(A satisfactory coupon saver)

One pound minced meat, 1 onion, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, good dash of pepper, 1 teaspoon butter, 1-3rd cup milk.

Combine mincemeat, finely chopped onion, tomato sauce, and parsley. Season with pepper and salt. Moisten with a little water, and heat thoroughly until the mixture changes color. Pack into a greased ring-tin. Sift the flour, salt and pepper, rub in the butter, and mix to a soft dough with the milk. Knead lightly and roll to about ½in. thickness. Cut into 2 strips and place over mincemeat. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out, with mincemeat on top. Serve hot and freshly made.

SAVORY SCONES

(Bake on a casserole of veal and bacon)

Six ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ teaspoon finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon powdered sage, 1 tablespoon grated sharp cheese, 1 egg with 1-3rd cup milk or ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Rub in the butter and add the onion, sage, and cheese, mixing well. Stir in the liquid, mixing quickly to a light, soft dough. Knead lightly, roll to ½in. thickness, cut into rounds. Place on top of meat casserole, preferably a fricassee, when the meat has already been cooked or is nearly cooked. Return casserole, uncovered, to the oven, and bake (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Serve hot.

Continued on Page 28

Relief from INDIGESTION

Here's the Simple Way to Quick Relief!

Take Hardy's—and forget painful indigestion and stomach troubles. No dieting. Eat what you like, and like what you eat. Hardy's brings wonderful relief to sufferers of agonising indigestion and stomach pains. Buy a tin to-day.

HARDY'S INDIGESTION and Ulcerated Stomach POWDER

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

PRICE 2/9 A JAR

Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2½d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to

DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.1. F6822.

PEARS AS SALAD FRUIT are delicious. Serve icy cold with cream cheese, crisp lettuce, and celery.

TOP A BAKED CUSTARD with stewed apple slices, glaze with honey, and sprinkle with spiced crumbs. Serve very cold.

A STRAIGHT BACK at the work bench helps to defeat fatigue. Tables should be of comfortable working height. The one pictured above is too low.

Light on the meat ration

● Each week entries come from all over Australia for our recipe competition. They show that our good housewives are pulling their weight on the home front, that kitchens are geared for the war effort.

A SIMPLE dish, vegetarian mince with savory potatoes, wins first prize, but it's sound, delicious, and satisfying.

The rabbit recipes are worth adding to your recipe file.

Note, too, the potato floddies, a simple, old recipe, delicious hot with jam.

VEGETARIAN MINCE WITH SAVORY POTATOES

Half pound any vegetables in season cooked and diced, 2 tomatoes (tinned tomato may be used), 1 small onion, 2oz. butter or substitute, pinch of curry powder, ½ pint vegetable stock, 4oz. browned breadcrumbs, 1 tab chutney, chopped parsley and thyme, 2 eggs, 2oz. grated cheese, mashed potatoes.

Prepare vegetables, rub tomatoes through a sieve, or chop. Fry chopped onion in 1oz. of butter or dripping, mix curry powder with stock, add to vegetables and fried onion and tomato. Stir in crumbs, chutney, herbs, and cook 5 minutes. Hard-boil eggs, rub through sieve or chop finely, season and add to mince. Beat mashed potatoes with 1oz. butter or margarine, add grated cheese, and line a fireproof dish with this mixture. Brown in oven. Turn mince into centre, sprinkle the whole with grated cheese, and return to oven till cheese is melted. Serve with tomato sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. M. Johnson, Calula, Gippsland, Vic.

POTATO FLODDIES

Scrub two good-sized potatoes and grate them on a coarse grater. Add sufficient flour to make a batter. Add a little milk if necessary. Season. Melt a little dripping and make it very hot in frying-pan. Drop in mixture. When brown on one side turn and brown on the other. To make it savory add salt and a dash of cayenne pepper and a pinch of mixed herbs. Serve plain, or with jam if in want of a sweet dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to N. Collins, Orwell, Lillimur, Vic.

RABBIT, BANANAS, AND CORN

Joint a rabbit, roll pieces in flour, salt and pepper, and brown in dripping. Wrap a slice of bacon (if available) round each joint, and put into casserole with 1 cup of stock or milk. Cover with greased paper, put on lid, and bake 2 hours in moderate oven or until rabbit is tender. Heat small tin of sweet corn or 1 cup cooked corn in half-cup white sauce, and keep hot. Halve bananas lengthwise, roll in seasoned flour, dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in a little fat until golden brown. Put rabbit on hot dish with sweet corn and bananas and serve with peas and mashed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. A. Grant, Kiewa, via Wodonga, Vic.

RABBIT AND KIDNEY HOTPOT

One rabbit, ¼lb. kidney, 1 onion, 1½ potatoes, 1 carrot, pepper and salt to taste.

Joint rabbit, cut kidney into small pieces, and slice the vegetables. Put a layer of rabbit in the bottom of an earthenware dish, and season. Add a layer of vegetables and a layer of kidney. Repeat these layers in order with a layer of potatoes on top. Three-parts fill dish with water and cook in moderate oven 2 hours. Serve in dish in which it is cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Hannon, 33 Ellis Rd., Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

CRUMBED RABBIT CUTLETS

Cut a young rabbit into pieces of nice size and soak in salt and water for ½ hour. Then boil in a little fresh water with a small onion until tender, about 1 hour. Drain this liquid off, dip pieces in flour, then beaten egg, and lastly cover with breadcrumbs and fry a golden brown. Serve with fried tomatoes and creamed mashed potatoes. Onions added to tomatoes, if liked, are very nice. If a young rabbit is used it is just like poultry.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Winkley, 28 King St., Enfield, N.S.W.

APPETISING MEATLESS LUNCH DISH

Boil, mash, and season the desired amount of potatoes. Take a proportionate number of tomatoes, skin them, cut up and fry in butter with salt, pepper, and a sprinkle of sugar (onions to taste may be fried with the tomatoes). Beat tomato mixture into potatoes and put in a pie-dish, and heap up in the centre. With a tablespoon scoop out hollows on top large enough to break an egg into. Break an egg into each hollow and place dish in a moderate oven until the eggs have set firm. Serve with finely chopped cooked cabbage.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. E. Boyle, "Canya," Argalong, N.S.W.

Birth of a Block Buster

Bombs are born in glass . . . in the retorts, beakers and test tubes of the research chemist. Before the war, the glass equipment so vital to this work was made overseas. Then it was discovered that the resources which made it possible to produce Agee Pyrex in this country were immediately adaptable to the grim requirements of war. The Crown Crystal plant . . . which gave you Agee Pyrex ovenware . . . began producing, not only the apparatus for developing destructive war-effort, but the scientific and clinical glassware urgently required for the saving of life—blood-bank bottles, glass equipment for the pharmacist, the physician, and the surgeon. By purchasing Agee Pyrex, you have helped this work . . .

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.,

Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.

From one mixture Continued from page 27

CHEESE AND CELERY PINWHEELS

(Serve with salad greens and crisp salad snippets)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½oz. butter or lard, ½ teaspoon salt, good dash of pepper, ½ cup milk, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup diced celery, few drops onion juice, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Sift flour, pepper, and salt, rub in fat, and mix to a soft dough with the milk. Roll to a thin oblong sheet. Pound the cheese, celery, onion juice, sauce, and parsley together and season to taste. Spread the mixture on the scone dough and roll firmly. Cut in ½in. slices, brush with milk, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. Serve freshly made.

JUBILEE LOAF

(The old-time recipe, iced while warm and served thinly sliced)

Six ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1oz. butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 3oz. currants, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 2-3rd cup milk, 2 tablespoons lemon icing.

Sift flour and spice and rub in fat. Add lemon rind, currants, and sugar. Quickly and lightly stir in beaten egg and milk. Turn into greased bar-tin and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) about 25 minutes. Turn out. While still warm spread lemon icing over top.

WHOLEMEAL FRUIT TOPSY TURVY

(Serve fluffy and hot as a dinner sweet)

Four ounces wholemeal flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon or mixed spice, 1oz. good dripping, 1½ tablespoons golden syrup, squeeze of lemon, 1 egg (may be omitted), ½ cup milk, 2 cups stewed fruit.

Grease an 8-inch sandwich tin and place fruit in bottom, draining off surplus juice. Sift flour, baking powder, and cinnamon. Rub in fat. Add syrup and lemon and mix to a wet dough with egg and milk, using more milk if egg omitted. Place on stewed fruit, smoothing over. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Serve hot, fruit side up.

CRISP CHEESE ROLLS

(Serve with creamed tripe)

Four ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon good beef dripping, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, good squeeze of lemon juice, ½ cup grated cheese, 1-3rd cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Add lemon juice and rind to the dripping and rub into the flour. Add cheese and mix to a soft dough. Knead lightly, roll to ¼in. thickness, cut into strips 4in. by ½in. Roll smooth, using hands. Place on tray, glaze with milk, and bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) until brown and crisp—about 10 minutes.

I was crippled with Backache and Rheumatism, but since I've been taking Ford Pills regularly I am marvellously better. I am very grateful—I feel so wonderfully well.

Ford Pills are marvellous for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation, and Stomach troubles. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

FORD PILLS

USE this Medicinal & Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thoroughly antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful happiness.

Cuticura SOAP

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT

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FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"ELLEN," CHARMING FROCK IN SUMMER FLORAL, AND "RAE," MATERNITY PETTICOAT.

"Ellen," the smart little frock at left, has been specially designed to wear throughout the season; in addition, is fitting as an in-between outfit underneath a tailored coat. The material used is a medium-weight flat crepe in vivid tonings of royal-gold, brick-red, turquoise, green, red, cyclamen, mauve, and in another all-over floral in shades of blush-pink, heaven-blue, gold dust, deep green, and royal-blue.

It features a narrow turn-back collar edged with a narrow self frilling, well-cut bodice with slight gathering over the bustline. Sleeve is a three-quarter length, and the fullness is again shown at the elbow. The skirt is gathered into the centre front, and a belt of the same material completes the design.

Ready To Wear.—32, 34-inch bust, 65/11 (13 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 69/11 (13 cpns.). Plus 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only.—32 and 34-inch bust, 41/6 (12 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 45/11 (12 cpns.). Plus 1/9½ postage.

"RAE" MATERNITY PETTICOAT.

Fashioned from a good-wearing rayon crepe-de-chine in pink, blue, or white, this is an ideal garment for the expectant mother.

Note uplift brassiere top (no design shown), with narrow shoulder straps, worked on it, and a slim-fitting, wrapped-over skirt. It is tied at the side, and may be adjusted from time to time.

Ready To Wear.—32, 34-inch bust, 22/11 (8 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 24/6 (8 cpns.). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only.—32, 34-inch bust, 16/6 (8 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 19/3 (8 cpns.). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "Ellen" and "Rae" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498RR, G.P.O., Sydney. *In other States use address given on this page.* When ordering, please give length, hip, and bust measurements.

F2286

Fashion PATTERNS

F2286.—Well-cut slip and scanties designed for size 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. for slip, 1yd., 36ins. wide for scanties. Pattern, 1/10 set.

F3415.—Beautifully cut day frock. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3414.—Charming frock in floral tonings. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F6392.—Tailored tennis frock. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6805.—Swanky draped frock for those very special occasions. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F605.—Slenderising slack suit for the smart girl and woman. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. for slacks; 2½yds., 36ins. wide, for jacket. Pattern, 1/10.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F6392

F3415

F3414

F6805

F605

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

HAT AND HANDBAG
Medium Sizes Only

No. 1
Material required, 1yd., 36ins. wide.

No. 2
Material required, 1yd., 36ins. wide.

1

2

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 3BBA, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 4J, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 489F, G.P.O., Brisbane. N.Z.: Box 468WW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 468WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB .....
TOWN .....
STATE .....
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 26/2/'44.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

HARD-WEARING OVERALLS

CLEARLY traced on an Indian cotton, this handy little overall is all ready to cut out, make up, and embroider ready to wear. Shades available are lemon, green, pink, blue, natural, also white.

The style has a front bib, gaily embroidered, narrow shoulder straps and long, roomy trouser legs, with side-button fastening.

Size 2 to 4 years, 6/11 (4 coupons). Size 4 to 6 years, 7/11 (4 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage. When ordering, please ask for No. 441.

DAINTY SUMMER FROCK

With the pattern clearly traced on an all-over sprigged cotton, this little frock comes in shades of pink, green, or blue tonings.

The design features a high-cut, square neckline, short, puffed sleeves, trim waistline, and a fully gathered skirt. Note the twin, heart-shaped pockets. Size 2 to 4 years, 5/6 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 6/9 (4 coupons); plus 4½d. postage.

Please ask for No. 442.

448 GAY FLOWER DOYLEY IN LINETTE

Charming for hot days is this floral doyley, which you can make from linette. Choose from these shades: Green, pink, blue, lemon, white, and coffee. Price 1/-, plus 2½d postage.

Please ask for No. 448.

441

442

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Come on tight lips Smile!

New Super Cleanser in "5-IN-ONE" uncovers natural loveliness of teeth—makes you glad to smile

Don't be a "tight-lips"—ashamed of your teeth. Everyone looks at your smile. So why put up with teeth that are anything less than lovely a moment longer?

Try the new "5-IN-ONE" Dental Cream, with its new modern cleanser (Depressium), that literally dissolves film and stains and floats them away, without the use of harsh abrasives. Yes, "5-IN-ONE" Dental Cream swiftly reveals the natural whiteness and brilliance of your teeth. So give your smile a sparkling loveliness. Change to "5-IN-ONE" to-day. Its super, safe cleansing power—its clean, refreshing flavour, have sent its sales sky-rocketing. You can get "5-IN-ONE" everywhere. Ask for it at your chemist, store, hairdresser, tobacconist or canteen. There's more for your money in the big red and white tube, for 1/6.

Only Dental Cream Containing "Lantigen"

In addition, "5-IN-ONE" Dental Cream includes an Oral Vaccine—a Lantigen specially prepared to protect the mouth and gums from common infections. Thus, "5-IN-ONE" helps keep the gums healthy, the mouth fresh, and the breath sweet.

Fine for Dental Plates, too

Due to the safe cleansing power of Depressium, "5-IN-ONE" Dental Cream is the perfect cleanser for artificial teeth—keeps them stain-free, film-free and odourless. No need to pay for a second preparation. No harsh chemicals to damage plates.

For the Boys' "Parcels"

Its outstanding cleansing qualities, its refreshing, cooling flavour, and its real economy make "5-IN-ONE" favourite with the "boys" everywhere. Be sure you include a tube or two in every parcel you send.

Ask at Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers and Canteens

The big family-size tube of "5-IN-ONE" costs only 1/6. Compare it for value. Try it for quality. Your mirror will prove how quickly "5-IN-ONE" gives you the smile that shines.

1/6 EVERYWHERE

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Three Strikes

Continued from page 3

OH, well, we'd patch it up. And at the wedding I'd have Sam as one of my ushers—to show there were no hard feelings on my part.

And as my number was likely to come up any day now I'd have to act fast. I had that in mind one night when I arrived for a scheduled date with Sally. It struck me, though, that she wasn't as bright as usual.

"What's wrong? Aren't you feeling well?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I feel fine." But she didn't sound it.

"I have it!" A thought struck me. "It's because the team lost to-day. Well, they can't——"

"Oh, did they?"

"Well, yeah—9 to 3."

Sally levelled her gaze at me. "Baseball," she said unhappily. "Baseball! All you ever talk about is baseball!"

"All right," I suggested. "Let's talk about something else."

"All right," she echoed. "What?"

I said, "Let's talk about you." That would startle her.

"Oh, fine," said she.

"You know what? I dreamed about you last night."

"You dreamed about me? Oh, you shouldn't have!" Sarcasm.

"Yep. You know why?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I was asleep!"

The proposed laugh caught in my throat. She jumped from her chair, stamped her foot, and blurted out, "Oh, you're impossible!" All at the same time.

My foot was in it—up to my neck. I swallowed hard and stammered out an apology.

Then she sat down again. Her tone changed. "Oh, I'm sorry, too," she said. "I'm acting very badly. Forgive me, Tom?"

"Well, sure." I was willing.

"Tom——" She was pleading with her eyes. It stirred tears in my heart. "Tom, will you do me a favor—a big one?"

"Sure."

"Tom, will you go home now and try to forget I acted this way? Forget all about it?"

"Well—yes." Reluctantly.

"I know you're going into the Army soon, and it's not fair, and we have something to talk over with each other and all—something important. But not now—not to-night. I'll call you——"

Gosh, but she was pretty! I think, the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen.

As I went home, though, I wondered what it was we had to "talk over." Was there something she had to say? Was I moving too slowly? Or too fast. Or perhaps—perhaps she had decided on—Sam!

I didn't sleep well that night. Nor the next.

I was still stewing over my heart trouble when Sunday afternoon arrived. So I dropped into the drug-store to see Mike.

"Hello, there," he said heartily. "Who was that little spitfire you had to the ball game and where ya been lately?"

"They both have the same answer, Mike—Sally Carr."

"Say," he said, "you ain't gettin' soft on that little wildcat?"

"Yes, I am. Why not?"

"Good gosh, man! You'd be fightin' every minute of the day! I wouldn't marry that doll—not on your life. Imagine arguin' baseball wit' your wife! Lemme tell ya, there's enough to argue about—me and the old lady found that out—without addin' in new things like baseball."

"Get me a root beer, will you, Mike?" I asked hurriedly. At least that would change the subject—and it might even taste good.

"Make it two," said a voice beside me. "Hello, you horse face."

"Oh, hello, Sam." Well, it had happened. "How are you?"

"Just strong enough to kick your teeth in," he confided to me. By his tone, I figured he planned on trying it, too. "What's the idea?"

"What's what idea?"

"Taking out my girl? Trying to horn in?"

"Your girl?" I wondered: "Since when? Are you married to her? No. Are you engaged? No. You and I know her. That's all."

"Tom," he said witheringly, "that was a miserable trick, making her go to the ball game with you. You knew I had to leave town. And following it up behind my back—that's the worst part! I object to the whole thing."

"Overruled," I said.

"Exception." Always the lawyer. He fixed me with an exceptionally dirty look. "Do you want to marry her?" He was nothing if not direct.

"Well—it wouldn't be bad."

"Answer yes or no."

I certainly didn't plan to be talked out of it.

"All right, yes—if you put it that way," I said. There it was—like a kippered herring.

"Well," said Sam, very seriously, "I'd planned to do that myself."

"That's what I figured," I admitted. I was feeling like a rat.

"Well," Sam continued, "in court we bring the problem out into the open, bring all the parties concerned together, and reach a decision."

"Look, Sam," I pleaded. "In court that may be great. But that's not the answer to this."

"I think it is." Sam was positive. "She's the only one who can decide."

"But"—I tried to bring back reality—"but you don't do things like this with girls."

Mike winked at me. "Go ahead," he said. "Get it over with."

I still don't know what that wink meant.

Sam grabbed my arm, wheeled, and called, "See you later, Mike."

By the time our cab screeched to a halt in front of the Carr home I was beginning to hope Sally would be out. But not Sam. He hopped right out. In fact, he could hardly wait till I paid off the cabby.

We climbed the front steps.

"Look, Sam——" I began.

"Now, don't try to back down! We're going in!"

"All right." I agreed hopelessly. "But we can't both storm in on her like this."

"Then we'll toss for it. Heads you go in first." He reached for a coin.

"Oh, no, you don't!" I cried. "It's your idea—you go in first." At least, I wouldn't have the explaining to do.

"All right." He rang the door-bell.

Sally opened the front door. She seemed a little startled to see the two of us there together, and I didn't blame her.

"Mind if I come in?" inquired Sam, as if it were just another day. He took her arm and led her inside. "Now, we're going to talk this whole thing over like rational human beings," he was saying as the door shut. That sounded like a poor start to me.

The next few minutes were agony—in its most horrible form. At first I hoped I was dreaming; but I knew I wasn't. I tried to whistle. No go. I sat on the steps, got up, sat on a porch chair and began rocking furiously. My gosh, my whole future was hanging in the balance! Marriage is pretty important to a man. I could feel my hair turning grey.

And what if Sam won? He might, too! He was a smooth talker. Tall, good-looking. Sure to make his mark in life, Sally had said. The trouble was, he knew it.

But Sally would never fall for a stunt like this. Not Sally. The only thing was—I was in on it, too, in a way. My gosh, why hadn't I left well enough alone?

I thought of running away—but that wasn't the answer. I'd have to stay and face it. Perhaps a flash of lightning? No. I thought of the dying bridge player who asked to be buried with simple honors.

At last the door opened. It was Sally—alone.

"Hello." I managed to blurt out. "Where's—where's—uh—Sam?"

She spoke evenly: "He's not strong enough to walk yet."

I swallowed hard. Sally came over and sat next to me. "Oh, Tom!" She was on the verge of tears.

"Well—uh—Sam told you—all about it?" I didn't know what to say.

"Yes."

"Well, did you— Um, is Sam——" I just couldn't get it out.

She shook her head. "Case dismissed," she said, "for obvious reasons." She clenched her little fist. "I think he's—hateful!"

I SIGHED—a great sigh of relief. That was that. And that left—me! My breath began to race and I felt stifled and choked and I certainly was throbbing all over.

Suddenly Sally smiled. Gosh, but she was beautiful!

"But I'm a little disappointed in you," she said gently, "agreeing to a mad scheme like this." Then, thinking it over, "I guess I deserve it for acting so dreadfully Friday night."

"Oh, that?"

"Tom——" Suddenly her attitude changed. "I tried to tell you this last Friday—I've got to now. Tom, you think you're in love with me, don't you?"

I wanted to say, "I am, Sally." Impressively, as they do it in the movies. But my throat was too dry.

"You're not, Tom. Not really," she was saying. "You're in love with Babe Stokes and—and baseball. You're a very sweet boy, and I like you. But—I just like you. Do you understand, Tom?"

That was my cue to leave; but I couldn't even stand up.

Then Sam staggered out on to the porch. I don't know how I looked, but he looked for all the world like a man who had playfully sat in the electric chair—and somebody had turned on the juice.

"I'm going," he said—in an old man's voice.

"No—just a minute!" Sally said insistently. "I haven't finished."

What else was there?

"Gentlemen, while we're having this little gathering," Sally continued, amid absolute silence except for the buzzing of an irreverent fly, "gentlemen, in conclusion, I take great pleasure in announcing my forthcoming marriage to Jim Grubb."

The guy in the Army.

"He loves me," she sighed. "And I love him!"

A dreamy look came into her sea-blue eyes. It suggested the curtain falling on the last act.

Sam didn't even object.

I began to laugh. I don't know why. It wasn't funny.

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A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

New *Under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

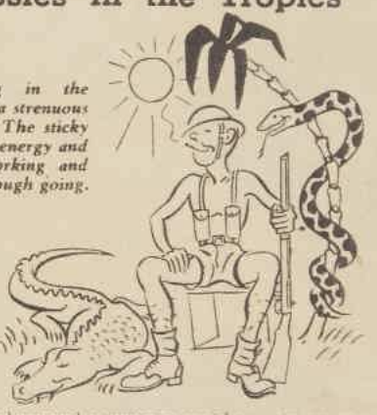
ARRID

2/- a jar

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Faulds & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Aussies in the Tropics

Soldiering in the tropics is a strenuous business. The sticky heat saps energy and makes working and fighting tough going.



Next parcel you send to your man or girl on active service, put in a flask of Dr. Power's Tonic Tablets.

Dr. Power's Tablets are based on the wartime tonic prescription adopted in Britain.

They are concentrated into handy tablets and one or two taken mid-morning and or mid-afternoon with a drink restores freshness and energy.

Most chemists have Dr. Power's Tonic Tablets in stock.

Flasks of 80 are 6/6, small flasks of 16 are 1/6.

Be sure to get the genuine English Dr. Power's Tonic Tablets.

PTS

Wise motherhood brings its reward

By SISTER MARY JACOB

HERE SHE IS AGAIN. Fay Lorraine Morgan, our New Year Baby. *See pictures and story on page 25.*

TO make a good job of motherhood should be the highest aspiration of every woman.

Careful preparation and training in mothercraft in the months before baby is born, some worthwhile sacrifices and adherence to simple rules of healthy living for both herself and her babe will, in due course, bring a sure reward.

A leaflet giving helpful pre-natal and post-natal suggestions for mother and babe regarding simple health rules has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

SURFER'S FOOT

Can Cripple You

★ Beware of this crippling infection. You may be infected without knowing it. The first signs are cracked skin and itch between the toes. These danger signs call for prompt treatment with Iodex to kill the germ and to soothe and heal the damaged tissues.

★ *In severe cases see your doctor*

FROM YOUR CHEMIST PRICE 2/-

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NO SECRET WEAPON THIS . . .

A drop of untreated water from a Jungle Swamp could be as deadly as a bullet. Yet our Services cannot ship all the pure water they require over vast distances.

Long before our boys "went North" our Chemists and Engineers had developed a weapon to safeguard their health — That weapon is CHLORINE — Chlorine as such, or its compounds — tropical bleaching powder, chloride of lime, sodium hypochlorite, Zanic sterilizer, etc., which liberate chlorine when dissolved in water. The main applications are for the purification of water supplies and the sterilization of sewerage, wastes and polluted areas. In this way our troops have been saved from many of the diseases prevalent in desert and tropical regions. Adequate supplies of these materials are available for general use, due to the installation of additional production plants in strategic parts of the Commonwealth.

HOSPITALS

Chlorine compounds are used as a general disinfectant for sterilizing enamel dishes and similar articles, in the laundry for bleaching and sterilising linen, and for treating drains, gutters, etc.

HOUSEHOLD

Objectional odours are an indication of bacteria growth. Prevention and destruction of these bacteria is assured by the Liberal use of Chlorine sterilizer solutions in sinks, drains, refuse cans, etc.

DAIRY FARMS

To prevent the spread of Mastitis and similar stock diseases, and for the sterilization of dairy buildings, plant and equipment, Chlorine is of great value and is recommended by many authorities.

SWIMMING POOLS

For all private and public swimming baths Chlorine is essential. Many municipal authorities have proved the value and the necessity for Chlorine to maintain safe and pure conditions in their swimming pools.

INDUSTRIAL

In the processing of aluminium and its alloys, many of the troubles encountered with porosity and impurities is overcome by the direct application of chlorine gas to the molten metal or the castings.

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IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD.

Manufacturers and Suppliers of General Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Organics, Nylon Products, "Kallodent," "Perspex," Food Phosphates, etc.

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